SCREENLAND

★ ICC

June

15¢

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Exclusive!
The Mickey Rooneys tell why they fell out of Love



YOUR COLORS OF THE HOUR BY *Revlon*

From an endless array of colors, these chosen few . . . your hit parade colors in nail enamel and lipstick . . . worn by the busiest, loveliest women in America! What's more . . . 7 out of 8 smart women* and professional manicurists everywhere swear by Revlon's incomparable stay-on quality. Women of the Hour, we give you "Colors of the Hour" by Revlon.



60¢ & $1

60¢

*According to surveys in smart clubs and restaurants throughout the country.

MAY 15 1943

Smile, Plain Girl, Smile..

capture hearts with a radiant smile!



Make your smile your lucky charm. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

OPEN YOUR EYES, plain girl. Take a look at the girls who get the most phone calls and dates. Most often they are not the prettiest in the crowd. *But they all know how to smile!*

So smile, plain girl, smile! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a smile that is bright and appealing—that lights your face like the sunshine!

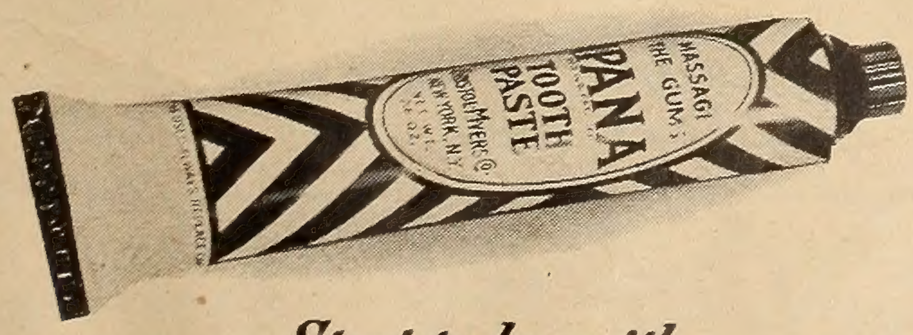
But remember, for a smile like that you need sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink tooth brush"—a warning!

If there's ever a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, *see your dentist*. He may say your gums have become tender and spongy—robbed of natural exercise by modern soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans your teeth but, with massage, is designed to help your gums. Just massage a little Ipana onto your gums each time you clean your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums —helps them to new firmness.

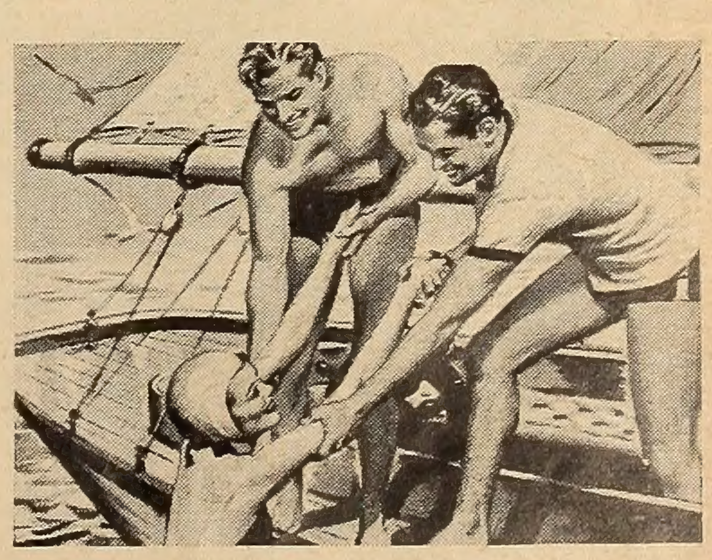
Start today with Ipana and massage—to help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, *your smile more sparkling*.



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IPANA and MASSAGE



Plenty of U-mm—that's the verdict you win with a lovely smile! So keep yours at its loveliest with Ipana and massage!

THE BIGGEST ENTERTAINMENT IN AMERICA

Saroyan's

THE HUMAN COMEDY



Starring

MICKEY ROONEY

in his greatest role since "Boys Town" with

FRANK MORGAN

JAMES CRAIG • MARSHA HUNT • FAY BAINTER
RAY COLLINS • VAN JOHNSON • DONNA REED
JACK JENKINS • DOROTHY MORRIS • ANN AYARS
JOHN CRAVEN • MARY NASH • HENRY O'NEILL

From the Story by William Saroyan
Screen Play by Howard Estabrook
Produced and Directed by CLARENCE BROWN

Of course it's Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

SCREENLAND

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June, 1943 Vol. XLVII, No. 2

EVERY STORY A FEATURE

How To Bait a Man Trap ..... Alyce Canfield 20
Junior Fans! Enter Virginia Weidler's Prize Contest 24
Ginger Rogers' "No" Man ..... Elizabeth Wilson 26
Latest About Leslie Howard ..... Hettie Grimstead 28
"Mission to Moscow." Complete Photo Drama 30
Will Alice Faye Leave the Screen? ..... Jack Holland 34
Why the Mickey Rooneys Fell Out of Love ..... May Mann 36
Take A Picture, Darling! Claudette Colbert ..... Ruth Tildesley 52
The Editor's Page ..... Delight Evans 58
The Truth About That Sheridan-Flynn "Romance" ..... Liza 60

FULL COLOR PORTRAITS:

Pvt. Alan Ladd, whose final film for Paramount for the duration is "China" 19
Maureen O'Hara, appearing in "This Land Is Mine," for RKO-Radio Pictures 29
Ann Sheridan, starring in Warners' "Edge of Darkness" 42

SPECIAL PICTURE PAGES: Mickey Rooney, Jack Jenkins, Alexis Smith, Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie, Betty Grable, Hermes Pan, Lena Horne, Pierre Aumont, Richard Quine, Mike O'Shea, William Eythe, Van Johnson, Richard Derr, Don Granger, Mimi Chandler, Jimmy Lydon, Cary Grant, Roy Rogers, Sweater Girls.

DEPARTMENTS:

Hot from Hollywood 6
Inside the Stars' Homes. Marguerite Chapman ..... Betty Boone 8
Fans' Forum 10
Your Guide to Current Films ..... Selected by Delight Evans 14
Honor Page 16
How Shall I Do My Hair? ..... Josephine Felts 54
Guide to Glamor 55
Here's Hollywood ..... Weston East 56
Recent Films Reviewed In a Flash 59
Movie Parade 70
Screen-Town Chatter 74

Natural Color Cover Portrait of DOROTHY LAMOUR, by A. L. Whitey Schafer, Paramount

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Well, this time we're presenting Judy Garland in a piece called "Presenting Lily Mars."

★ ★



Don't tell anybody but we're crazy about the picture. It has everything.

★ ★

"For Me And My Gal" had punch—and Judy. "Presenting Lily Mars" has more punch and more Judy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Really, honestly, truly, it's a honey. It's dream-like, it's comical, it's melodious, it's a great entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

Judy plays a stage-struck little girl who acts all over the place—emotes on cue, tries to tear the heart of a producer who just pays no attention.

★ ★



The producer is Van Heflin—the Academy Award Van Heflin. He has that same indefinable charm that captured so many right from the start.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Lily Mars" is enriched with two big name bands—two, count 'em—Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra and Bob Crosby and *his* Orchestra.

★ ★ ★ ★

This Booth Tarkington adaptation was directed by that comedy-master Norman Taurog and produced by the proven Joe Pasternak.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're shouting Judy all over the place.

★ ★ ★ ★

For action and excitement we're turning to another wonderful film—"Assignment in Brittany."

★ ★ ★ ★

Based on the best-selling novel by Helen McInness, it was directed by Jack Conway who is without a peer in melodrama.

★ ★ ★ ★

Two young stars come into their very own in "Assignment in Brittany." One is Pierre Aumont—late from France but definitely of America now—who has the stuff that the late Valentino once revealed.





The other star is Susan Peters. You've seen her in "Random Harvest" and you'll see exactly what we mean.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Assignment in Brittany" is bang-up entertainment, a show with authority, a story for these times.

★ ★ ★



By the way, we suppose you noticed who won most of the Academy Awards. None other than your old friend,

—*Leo*

HOT from Hollywood



Errol Flynn waves to a friend at another table at Mocambo while Mary Ann Hyde, his attractive "date," smiles her greeting.

BETTY GRABLE certainly has Hollywood guessing. She never misses a week dancing with the boys at the Hollywood Canteen. She's seen here and there with escorts who definitely are *not* the constant George Raft. Yet Betty declares that she loves George, that nothing has happened to their romance.

THEY'RE saying that Katharine Hepburn has had a great romantic disappointment in Hollywood. She may not even remain around long enough to make another picture, so the rumor goes. Say it isn't so, Katie.

HOLD everything! Dorothy Lamour has been asked to make house-to-house calls and explain the use of point rationing. It's a new phase of war work and a very important one. If husbands suddenly take to the kitchen, can you blame 'em? We could use a few "pointers" from Dottie!

FROM 4F to 1B is Orson Welles' current draft status. So it looks as though the genius might be devoting his talents to Uncle Sam before long. Wouldn't it be wonderful if he could scare the Japs as badly as he scared civilians with that amazing broadcast a few years back?

JUST before she left for Mexico and New Hampshire on a vacation, Bette Davis discovered her first grey hair. Maggie Donovan, her close friend and hairdresser, started to yank it out. "Don't touch it," cried Bette. "I got it the hard way and I want to keep it. I've named it—Miriam!"

WHILE visiting in Mexico, Errol Flynn discovered a beautiful Mexican girl with marvelous photogenic qualities. He got in touch with his studio, who are making arrangements to bring the girl and her mother to Hollywood.

(*Please turn to page 13*)



Dinah Shore, left, popular screen and radio blues singer, who will soon be seen in "Thank Your Lucky Stars," Warners' new musical, waits with George Montgomery, her constant escort, for her turn to sing in a "Mail Call" broadcast short-waved to our boys overseas. Orchestra leader Harry James and cute Nan Wynn are the smiling pair dancing at the Palladium, right.



ALAN LADD AND TWENTY GIRLS..

TRAPPED BY THE RAPACIOUS JAPS!

The hottest Ladd on the screen in his first big production!



TOO LATE... to save her from the Japs
... but in time to avenge her!



Alan Ladd dynamites a mountain ...
to make a grave for the Jap Army!

starring LORETTA YOUNG · ALAN LADD

with WILLIAM BENDIX

That "Wake Island" torpedo is about to explode again!

DIRECTED BY JOHN FARROW, DIRECTOR OF "WAKE ISLAND!"

Screen Play by Frank Butler • Based on a play by Archibald Forbes

A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATER MANAGER WHEN HE WILL SHOW THIS THRILLING HIT!

"Factory Film" won't Dimout My Hair!



AT FIRST I didn't know what to do! "Factory film"(dust that flies around the factory) made my hair dull and mousy-looking—the ends became straggly and unmanageable! Finally, I spoke to the girl whose hair was the envy of the whole shop.



"IT'S NO SECRET," she said. "I just shampoo more often and use Nestle Colorinse after every shampoo. It's Colorinse that makes my hair brighter and gives it so many sparkling highlights. After Colorinsing, my hair is softer and silkier—lots easier to manage, too."



NOW "factory film" never bothers me either on the job or after hours for Colorinse adds sparkle and glamorous highlights to my hair. Incidentally, *Nestle Shampoo* **BEFORE** *and Nestle Superset* **AFTER** *Colorinsing makes hair still lovelier.*

P.S. **FOR YOUR NEXT PERMANENT, ASK FOR A NESTLE OPALESCENT CREME WAVE.**

Nestle

COLORINSE



2 rinses for 10¢
5 rinses for 25¢
At 5 and 10¢ stores and drug stores



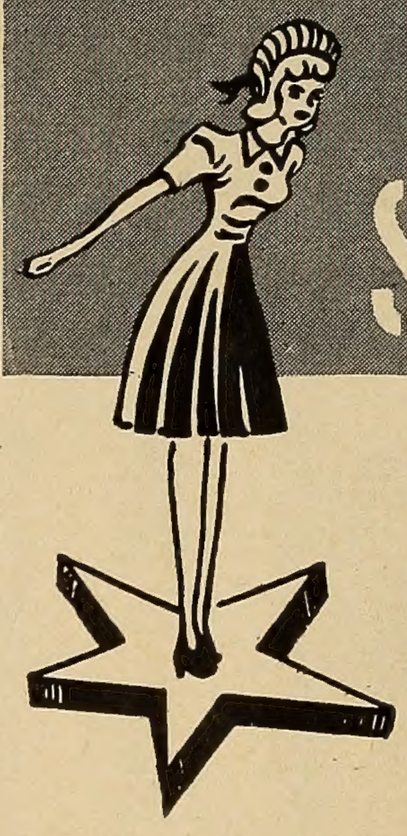
So you're having a shower for a wartime bride! See Marguerite Chapman for smart, sensible suggestions

★

Pretty Miss Chapman, who has four brothers in Uncle Sam's service, displays shower gifts to delight the war bride, at left. Marguerite is starring in Columbia's new picture, "Destroyer," a timely drama.

★

INSIDE the STARS' HOMES



Dressing a doll as a bride to add a decorative note to her wartime shower, Marguerite adds finishing touch to her party plans.

By Betty Boone

"WAR brides have weddings and the rest of us give them showers," laughed Marguerite Chapman. "But, oh, how the showers have changed! Even last June, we were giving brides china and glass and all sorts of fragile things that looked lovely but had to be handled with care. We never thought about weighing a gift, or finding out if it would pack. Now if a thing won't pack, it's OUT!

"Most war brides follow their husbands around the country to be near them while they train for service, so the only sensible or welcome gifts are those they can take along to make the homes-in-waiting livable.

"I'm having a shower for my latest war bride friend, and invitations read: 'To fill a bride's trunk.' You know those small, compact trunks brides are buying now? Every gift should be selected with regard to whether or not the bride can carry it safely from place to place—also whether or not it will add to the new home."

Very few war brides who are setting up housekeeping will be lucky enough to find an apartment like Marguerite's. It's a duplex in one of Hollywood's prettiest studio-apartment-courts. From her balcony on the third floor, the leading lady of "Destroyer" can look down on the courtyard with its two avenues of tall cocoanut palms, its flagged walks, its bubbling fountains and giant ferns.



Inside, it's a compact, comfortable place, with two bedrooms and bath upstairs, and living room, dinette and kitchen below. Marguerite boasts that you can stand in the middle of the kitchen and reach stove, sink, refrigerator and table without moving more than six inches, so there's no waste motion. However, Marguerite is too busy making pictures and designing clothes to occupy the kitchen often. There's a capable cook on hand to take care of that.

Marguerite, being more or less of an artist, has her easel in the living room, with charcoal, crayons, paints and sketch pad nearby. The informality of the room makes these things part of its attraction. It is a raftered room with a Russian-style fireplace, French door windows, and an iron railed stair ascending from one corner.

"I'm setting up a buffet in the dinette for this shower," said my young hostess, as she welcomed me. "Other years I've had sit-down luncheons or suppers, but in wartime everything's informal.

"Last year, I went to all sorts of fuss and bother for my showers, making rose crepe paper parasols for favors, with a large one to conceal the gifts. But this year I shall bring in the packages in one of those 'civilian jeeps' you use to go marketing. The bride may take it home with her and use it while she's in town. I doubt if it will pack. I'm covering it in red, white, and blue paper with airplanes on it. Her bridegroom is in the Air Corps."

Marguerite's gift suggestions for girls who must make a home in a rented room, a little cabin, an unprepossessing flat or a bungalow that leaves something to be desired, are most practical.

"You can't have a playroom, but you can have a game set," she pointed out. She has two—a small Chinese checkers set that can be carried in a hand-bag, and a larger one that will go into a suitcase or can be carried by its handle. This one opens up into a board and provides backgammon, chess, checkers and a number of other games.

"A Batik throw is an excellent gift. If there's a bad place on a wall, you hang the throw over it as a decoration; if you need a daybed cover, it looks well there, and it can be used as a table cover, if your table turns out to be too awful," advised the young actress.

"The laundry problem is going to be terrific, so the bride will need table mats that can be sponged off. A set of attractive washable mats are useful on side tables or dressers, too, for it may take three weeks to get your linens back from the laundry, and accommodations for washing things out yourself are seldom too good.

(*Please turn to page 79*)



Marguerite Chapman poses proudly with photographs of her three brothers—Richard, Edward and Harold—all of them in the armed forces. Since this picture was taken, Miss Chapman's fourth brother, Arthur, has joined the Navy.

A STORY INCOMPARABLE
OF A PEOPLE UNCONQUERABLE!

Errol Flynn



Ann Sheridan

A very thrilling team in a very thrilling picture!

EDGE OF DARKNESS

WITH
WALTER HUSTON
NANCY COLEMAN
JUDITH ANDERSON • RUTH GORDON
Directed by LEWIS MILESTONE
Screen Play by Robert Rossen
Based on the Novel by William Woods

WARNER BROS.
now add to their triumphs that are making America cheer 'Air Force', 'Casablanca', 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'

It's a
BIG PICTURE

IT'S SOLID! IT'S STAR-JAMMED! IT'S SENSATIONAL!

The screen is packed with romance and rhythm!



JOHN CARROLL
SUSAN HAYWARD
HIT PARADE OF 1943
with GAIL PATRICK · EVE ARDEN

Melville COOPER · Walter CATLETT · Mary TREEN
JACK WILLIAMS (The Harlem Sandman)
DOROTHY DANDRIDGE
POPS AND LOUIE
THE MUSIC MAIDS
THE THREE CHEERS
CHINITA
THE GOLDEN GATE QUARTETTE

3 TOP BANDS!

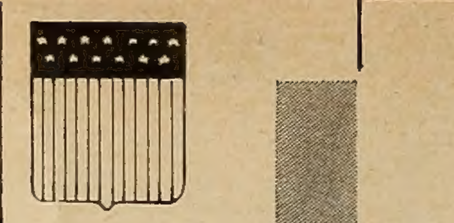
FREDDY MARTIN
He'll put you in a romantic mood!

COUNT BASIE
He's simply sizzling with low-down beat!

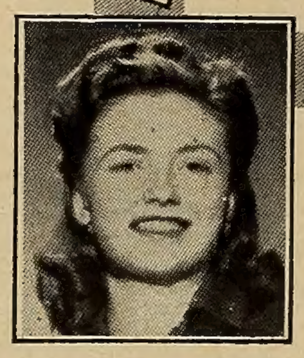
RAY McKINLEY
1943's top new band discovery! Wait till you hear him!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

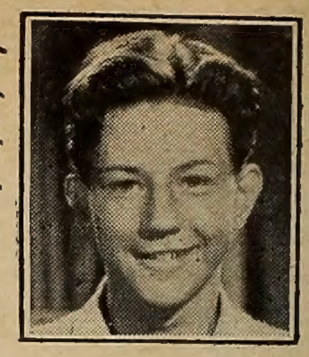
It's a
REPUBLIC PICTURE













Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

I'm only a lonely soldier here in Oklahoma and I may not be very talented in the art of molding words together in a vain attempt to tell you how much we appreciated the splendid love story of "Random Harvest," but all the superlatives in all the dictionaries in this crazy universe couldn't even begin to tell you what we thought of this tender, moving drama. We are trained here to endure the most troublesome things possible. This makes us a group of hard-fighting men striving to help save democracy, yet when we witnessed such a stirring movie as "Random Harvest," we softened up to the extent where the lumps in our throats were nothing compared to that feeling within our hearts. This, to me, only proves true Americanism because an American soldier can never be as cruel and heartless as he should be, except to defeat the enemy in the only way they know. I repeat, "Random Harvest" was too marvelous to the soldiers here to even attempt writing praises about it.

SGT. ANTHONY M. CHIECO, Gruber, Okla.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

I used to squirm at the very name James Cagney. I'd ask myself, "What does that fist-fighting, wise-cracking Irish lad have that Hollywood eats up like a platter full of hot, fried chicken?"

Last night I saw "Yankee Doodle Dandy," in which Cagney starred, and he was superb, dynamic, truly deserving of the Academy Award he won!

As I watched Cagney's performance, I forgot that I was sitting in the crowded balcony of a dingy, small-town theater. I was right there in the picture with him, rejoicing over his theatrical triumphs, weeping with him at the bedside of his dying father, marching beside him as we sang the stirring war song, *Over There*.

Through his own consuming love for Old Glory, Cagney taught me a fuller, deeper meaning of the term patriotism. It seemed as if he asked me, "What are you doing to help preserve the beauty and freedom of our America?" And I am sure that everyone else in that theater felt the same way about Cagney that I did.

A million pictures like "Hitler's Children" can't begin to do the great good for our country that Cagney did in the all-American show of shows, "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Yes, sir! Cagney's okay!

MYRA HAMANN, Bagley, Iowa.

An Invitation

Calling *All* Fans! Here's an invitation from the Editor of SCREENLAND to all moviegoers—it doesn't matter whether you're in the Army, Navy or Marines, a WAAC, WAVE or SPAR, work in a war plant, or if your job is keeping the home fires burning—to write a letter to this Forum that may win one of the monthly prizes of $10.00, $5.00, and five prizes of $1.00 each, payable in War Savings Stamps. If you attend the movies you must have your favorite stars and pictures, a pet peeve, or you may be in the mood to write one of those "hearts-and-flowers" letters about your favorite stars, so let us hear from you. Closing date, 25th of month.

Please address letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 EACH

'Twas the month of winds and Oscars, when the forces of Cagney came and got one. Last year's winner, Mr. Gary Cooper, presented Jim with the famed hunk of metal and extended his congratulations for the stuff that won it.

However, I demand, "Where was one Miss Joan Leslie?" Doesn't it strike you slightly green (I'm Irish) that each of the two Academy Award winners had the strictly "all right" young maiden as his leading lady? It certainly goes to show you that "Les" has got plenty on the ball. Being a most admiring and conscientious fan of Miss Joan, I cannot let her go unrecognized. No, ma'am. Joanie, the fair, to you I give my own special Oscar. 'Tis a bouquet of the most genuine, Irish shamrocks for the very spontaneous performances you gave in "Sergeant York" and "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

(*Please turn to page 12*)



Trustworthy in a hundred little emergencies

Looking back into your childhood many of you can remember your first cut finger, your first scratched foot, your first sore throat . . . and the speed with which Mother brought out the Listerine Antiseptic bottle.

In the decades that followed the discovery of antiseptic surgery, fathered by Lord Lister for whom Listerine Antiseptic was named, this safe antiseptic became a trusted first-aid in countless little emergencies. Its bright amber liquid gleamed from the white shelf of the medicine cabinet and from the black bag of the family physician.

And with medicine making magnificent strides, and research uncovering new truths each day, Listerine Antiseptic continues to hold first place in the esteem of critical millions who demand of their antiseptic rapid germ-killing action combined with absolute safety.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

IN SERVICE MORE THAN 60 *YEARS*

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC

the safe antiseptic and germicide

GLAMOROUS
Color-Bright Hair
CAN BE YOURS!



With this Thrilling New Hair "Make-Up"

SMART, beauty-wise women agree... shampooing alone is not enough! To invite romance and envious glances, your hair must glow with youthful color and sparkling highlights!

Marchand's exciting new "Make-Up" Hair Rinse does the trick! After your shampoo, just dissolve the delicately tinted Rinse in warm water and brush it through your hair. Almost instantly, the dingy soap-film disappears... your hair comes "to life"! Radiant in tone, rippling with light... it's *color-bright* again!

So safe!... Can't harm your hair!

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse is not a *bleach!* Not a *permanent dye!* It goes on and washes off as easily as your facial make-up. Made with Government-approved colors, Marchand's Rinse is as safe to use as lemon or vinegar. And it does so much *more* for your hair.

Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse comes in 12 different shades for every color hair. You need not necessarily use the shade which *matches* your hair. Many stunning effects can be had by employing a "warmer" or "cooler" tint... Try Marchand's Rinse today!

Marchand's
"Make-Up" HAIR RINSE



6 Rinses—25c
2 Rinses—10c
At all Drug Counters

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ALWAYS HAVE THEM ON HAND
TO AID FUNCTIONING
LEE'S PERIODIC PILLS
Standard Over 25 Years
Triple Strength $2.00
3 boxes $5 C. O. D. Postage Extra
LEE PRODUCTS, Desk 35
4730 Sheridan Rd. Chicago, Ill.
Rushed Within 3 Hours

Fans' Forum

Continued from page 10

Messrs. Cooper and Cagney should regard Miss Leslie as their pearl in the oyster, their "Yankee Doodle Dandiest," for she helped to make Oscars out of "Sergeant York" and "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Joan Leslie is a fine actress and a very worthy co-star for the best of them in Hollywood. So, if there's any Oscar stuff left over, shine it up, and send it to Miss Joan Leslie.

MARGUERITE SULLIVAN, Batavia, N. Y.

I have just read the announcements of the Academy Awards and I would like to say that I am thoroughly disappointed.

I am very glad that James Cagney won for "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and I think "Mrs. Miniver" was by far the best picture of the year, but I do not think Greer Garson should have won the award for the best performance by an actress. I saw "Mrs. Miniver" and I also saw "Now, Voyager." Bette Davis' part was much more difficult compared with Greer Garson's. I do not argue that Miss Garson's acting wasn't wonderful but I don't think it was good enough to win an award. If the selectors took into consideration that Miss Davis had won twice before I think they were unfair.

The thing that burned me up the most was Teresa Wright's winning the "supporting" Oscar. In my opinion it should have gone to Agnes Moorehead for "The Magnificent Ambersons." I don't believe I've ever seen such a superb job of acting as Miss Moorehead turned in. Miss Wright's was a mere drop in the bucket alongside Miss Moorehead's. I would very much like to know why the selectors chose Garson and Wright.

William Wyler fully deserves the director's award for "Mrs. Miniver" and I think Van Heflin deserves the award for the best supporting performance by any man. He turned in a splendid job of acting.

Now that I've gotten this off my mind I can wait until next year and hope that I will find nothing to crab about.

O. F. MILLER, Jr., Quincy, Ill.

This is my first contribution to your interesting page, and I hate to write my first letter on a subject that will probably bring down the wrath of fandom on my head.

I read everywhere that Bette Davis is a great, an inspired actress—another Duse, another Bernhardt. I wait for her pictures and I go to see them—and I am again disappointed. I realize that this is practically treason, but I can't help it!

For instance, in "The Letter" Miss Davis was not a lying, ruthless wife—she was just a good actress creating the rôle of a lying, ruthless wife.

In "Of Human Bondage" she was not *Mildred,* the little drab who held a boy's heart in her hands and did not know it—she was just a competent actress playing the part of *Mildred.*

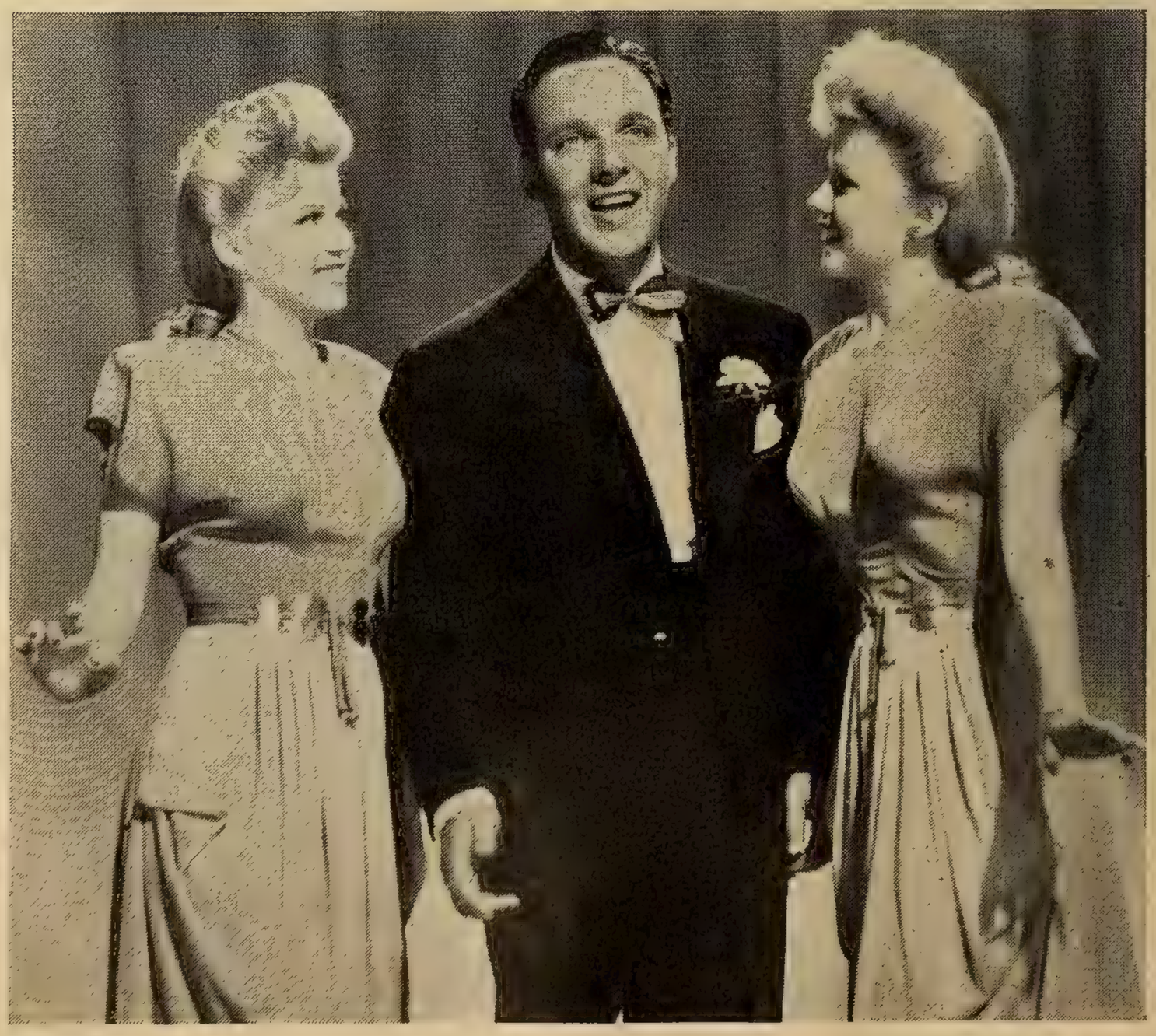
In "Now, Voyager" she was not really an unhappy, inhibited woman—she was merely playing a part. Doing it well, of course, but the ACTING showed through.

She, to my mind, is definitely typed, also; not in her parts, but in her mannerisms and the way she talks. In other words, she always acts and talks like *Bette Davis*—her nervous gestures, her constant lighting of cigarettes, prowling about a room, abrupt and sometimes indistinct way of talking—well, it all adds up to another *Davis* picture.

MRS. B. W. BOWEN, Columbus, Ohio.

"Just who is this guy," I said, "this blond-sort-of-homely creature, with the breath-taking smile?" My neighbor echoed my question. We were seeing "The War

(*Please turn to page* 89)



Bob Crosby is pictured here with the Wilde Sisters, Lee and Lynn, glamorous twin soloists who figure in several musical interludes with Crosby's band in M-G-M's lilting musical, "Presenting Lily Mars," in which Judy Garland is teamed with Van Heflin.



While on furlough and looking very handsome in his uniform, Lieut. Gilbert Roland of the Air Corps and his wife, Constance Bennett, dined and danced at the Stork Club.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 6

DON'T let 'em sell you short on the Phyllis Brooks-Cesar Romero romance. Cesar thinks Phyllis is wonderful company, good for a million laughs. But she isn't the little lady he hopes will eventually fill the empty bridal suite. He takes out Arlene Judge too. And Faye Emerson. A certain press agent would like to make you believe that Phyllis is the gal who really is number one.

WHEN Van Heflin (who won a well-deserved Academy Award this year) married Frances Neal, Weston East reported a former Mrs. Heflin. Leo the Lion got very angry and shook his shaggy mane. It wasn't so. Van had never been married before, Leo roared indignantly. The marriage of Eleanor Shaw, Broadway actress, to George E. Shibley, attorney, confirms our original story. Their marriage license proves that Eleanor *was* Van's first.

THERE wasn't much humor left in chunky Lou Costello, when a bad case of flu turned into rheumatism. The comedian was really in agony and the studio was plenty worried. His picture has been postponed and a long rest on the desert is doctor's orders. We hope our favorite "ba-a-a-d boy" will soon be back with us again..

ELEANOR POWELL and Glenn Ford couldn't be more amused at all those "inside" rumors. A New York columnist said in no uncertain terms that the romance was off. Hollywood columnists had them dining out with separate parties. They were through, finished! "But why do they bother about us?" Glenn wants to know. "They're not interested in the truth. At least six have printed we're not going to be married. Not *one* has actually come to us and asked us. We have our marriage plans. We couldn't be happier. There's a reason *why* we have been waiting. If others are bored with it all, how do they think *we* feel?" There, that should shut a few mouths!

WE THOUGHT we had heard everything. Now Warner Bros. is giving ze-e be-eg build-up to Dolores Moran, who is sixteen, tall, blonde and sexy. They've named her "The Target For Tonight Girl." A prettier target we defy any soldier to find.

Summer is the Open Season for Underarm Odor!



Avoid the offense men hate! Every day use speedy, gentle, dependable Mum!



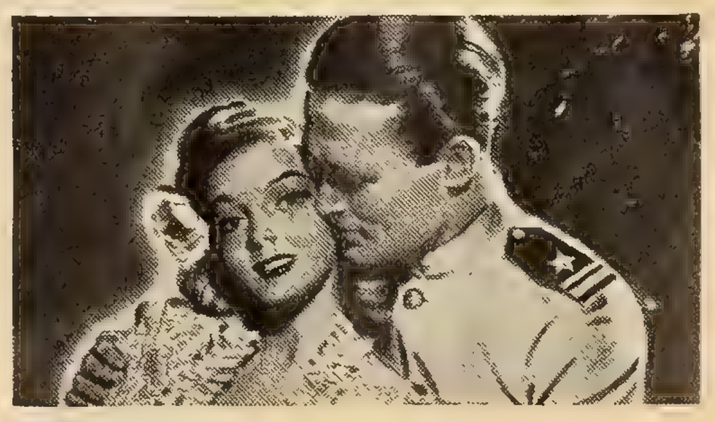
Business or shopping is a test of summer daintiness. So start each day with Mum! It takes 30 seconds to use Mum, and guard daintiness for hours *to come!* Mum gives charm a future!



Play fair with charm! Don't spoil your fun wondering "IF." Mum is *sure*—it prevents odor without stopping perspiration, irritating the skin or harming clothes! Mum is *gentle!*



Summer friendships can chill at even a hint of underarm odor. Always use a deodorant you can trust! Millions of women know they're safe from offending when Mum guards charm!



Romantic nights, silvery moonlight can weave a spell. Don't ruin it with carelessness about underarm odor! After hours of dancing, dependable Mum keeps you bath-fresh, charming!

QUICK, SAFE, SURE—that's Mum—a deodorant preferred by millions of popular girls and charming women.

Every day, after every bath, follow the Mum rule for underarm daintiness. Remember, your bath isn't meant to prevent future odor. That job belongs to Mum!

Women everywhere praise Mum for its dependability, its gentleness, its speed and convenience. Let Mum guard *your* charm. Ask your druggist for Mum today!

• • •

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, dependable Mum is an ideal deodorant. That's why so many women use Mum this way, too.

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers



CAN YOUR HAIR STAND A "NASAL CLOSE-UP"?

If you want men to keep their distance—maybe it doesn't matter.

But remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin. Many girls also have a tendency toward oily hair, which can easily form an odor. Check up on yourself . . . your hat, your hairbrush . . . your pillow.

It's so easy to play safe. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

The delicate pine-woods fragrance does its work—then disappears . . . leaving your scalp clean and fresh. Be sure of yourself—start the Packers habit tonight. You can get this fine shampoo at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



PACKERS *Pine Tar* SHAMPOO

Nadinola Cream *helps thousands to have* CREAMY-LIGHT, SATIN-SMOOTH SKIN



Don't give in to unlovely skin! Try famous Nadinola Cream, used and praised by thousands of lovely women. Nadinola is a *3-way treatment cream* that acts to lighten and brighten dark, dull skin—clear up externally caused pimples—fade freckles—loosen blackheads. Used as directed, its special medicated ingredients help to clear and freshen your skin—to make it creamy-white, satin-smooth. Start today to improve your complexion — buy Nadinola Cream! Full treatment-size jar only 55¢, with money-back guarantee; trial size 10¢. Or write Nadinola, Dept. 45, Paris, Tenn.



Your GUIDE *to* CURRENT FILMS

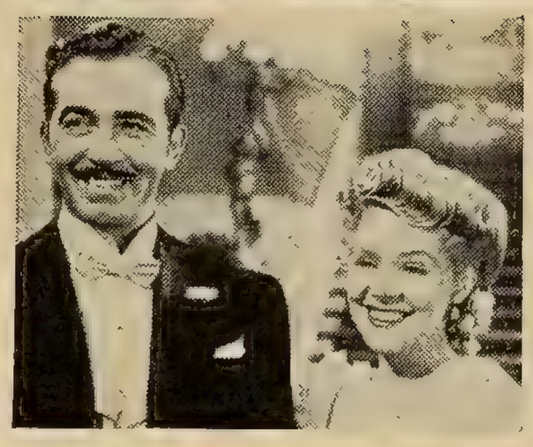
SELECTED BY *Delight Evans*

THE HUMAN COMEDY—*M-G-M*



A screen drama from the William Saroyan story which depicts life in a small California town, as seen through the eyes of a philosophical Postal Telegraph boy. It's an unusual picture and has some touching scenes which tug at the heart-strings. Don't miss seeing it. Mickey Rooney, who does a top-rate job as *Homer,* the high school lad who goes to work as a messenger when his older brother (Van Johnson) joins the Army, proves he can play serious, restrained parts as well as he does those smart-aleck rôles. Jack Jenkins, who plays the baby brother, gives a performance which comes close to stealing the show.

HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO—*20th Century-Fox*



This musical about Los Angeles theatrical business at the turn of the century, brings Alice Faye back to the screen, lovelier and better than ever, as an entertainer in *Johnny Cornell's* Barbary Coast shows. She accepts a musical comedy offer when the ambitious *Johnny* passes her up for a society girl (Lynn Bari), but returns to help him when he goes broke and his marriage fails. John Payne, fine as *Johnny,* his final rôle for the duration. Jack Oakie and June Havoc dance, sing and furnish comedy. Old catchy tunes are revived. Costumes are a technicolor treat. Entertaining.

CHINA—*Paramount*



A stirring screen drama about an American oil dealer's adventures in war-torn China, before and after Pearl Harbor. Alan Ladd gives a forceful performance as *Jones,* who sells his product to the highest bidder—Jap or Chinese—until an American school teacher who is helping evacuate Chinese children and who falls in love with him, makes him change his non-intervention attitude by bringing him face to face with Jap atrocities. Loretta Young is excellent as the teacher. The sequence showing the dynamiting of a mountainside to stop the oncoming Japs, is exciting.

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS—*M-G-M*



A Cinderella tale which combines comedy and romance and has Lana Turner portraying a small town girl who rebels at her job of soda-jerker and disappears after her boss (Robert Young) reprimands her. An accident makes it possible for her to pose as an amnesia victim—a long-lost heiress—until her ex-boss catches up with her and exposes her, but the father (Walter Brennan) has become attached to her and won't let her go, and by this time, Bob realizes he loves her. Story is not worthy of Lana's beauty and her good acting job nor Bob's excellent light comedy touch.

HIT PARADE OF 1943—*Republic*



A musical in which the tuneful songs fit the story—in fact, they're an important part of this tale about a dishonest publisher-vocalist who pirates a girl composer's first song. She agrees to work with him on other numbers in an effort to get information which will help expose him, but hate turns to love. The rôle of the handsome, unscrupulous gent is made-to-order for John Carroll; Susan Hayward, fine as the girl—her best rôle to date; Gail Patrick, good as her rival. Gay tunes, good gags, spectacular dance routines and three orchestras combine to make it a cheerful picture.



THE OUTLAW—*Howard Hughes*

Howard Hughes' long awaited, much publicized "$2,000,000 Western" has at last been released. And luscious Jane Russell can now be seen in her first motion picture. Hughes promised that he would show it just as he made it, or he wouldn't show it at all. Every scene originally shot was in the picture—when caught at its first screening in San Francisco—including the much discussed scene of the girl warming the boy, the love scene in the hayloft, and other scenes said to be too intimate. The film, based on sex and action, has plenty of both. It also introduces Jack Buetel, who is handsome with a definite romantic appeal. Plot concerns *Billy the Kid's* friendship with a gambler (Walter Huston) and his last meeting with *Sheriff Garrett* (Thomas Mitchell).



THE MOON IS DOWN—*20th Century-Fox*

John Steinbeck's book has been made into an impressive motion picture, as produced by Nunnally Johnson and directed by Irving Pichel. "The Moon Is Down" emerges as powerful drama as it records the terror and violence endured by the brave people of an occupied Norwegian town, from the heroic little mayor who gives his life in the cause of freedom, to the young widow who avenges her husband's murder by her cold-blooded killing of a Nazi officer. Vigorous writing and uncompromising direction bring out superb characterizations, far stronger than the original Steinbeck portraits. Sir Cedric Hardwicke's *Colonel Lanser* and Henry Travers' *Mayor Orden* are superb.



HANGMEN ALSO DIE—*United Artists*

A thriller! No documentary this, but an exciting melodrama of Prague's "Underground" on the march against Hitler's Gestapo. It pulls no punches in its vivid scenes of the Nazi reign of terror after "the Hangman's" execution, as the assassin escapes to become a symbol of freedom to the Czechs, who conceal his identity though it means the slaughter of hostages. There is real suspense in the chase led by brutish *Inspector Gruber* which involves a professor's family who pay dearly for their loyalty. The web of evidence against the local Quisling, by which the "Underground" outwits the Gestapo, is cleverly managed. A capable cast has Brian Donlevy, Anna Lee.

MAUREEN O'HARA in RKO-Radio's "This Land is Mine"



TRY

Tru-Color Lipstick

BLONDE

BRUNETTE

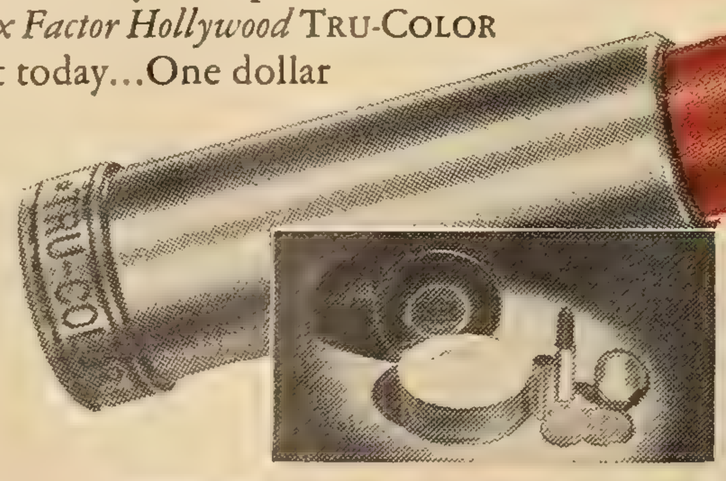
BROWNETTE

REDHEAD

...the color stays on through every lipstick test

THERE'S A THRILL awaiting you when you try this remarkable lipstick...when you see how the wonderful lifelike red gives your lips an alluring color accent.

There are lovely reds, glamorous reds, dramatic reds...all exclusive with Tru-Color Lipstick and all based on a new patented* color principle discovered by *Max Factor Hollywood.* Tru-Color Lipstick is smooth in texture, and non-drying, too...so it safeguards the soft, smooth loveliness of your lips. Remember the name...*Max Factor Hollywood* TRU-COLOR Lipstick...try it today...One dollar



*U.S. Patents No. 2157667 2211465

COMPLETE *your make-up in color harmony with Max Factor Hollywood Powder and Rouge*

Max Factor ★ Hollywood



Dorris Bowdon, eloquent and moving as the young wife who avenges her husband by the deliberate murder of a Nazi lieutenant, is seen at right and above in scenes from the drama. William Post, Jr. (at right with Miss Bowdon) is excellent as the martyred husband and patriot.

Most powerful drama on current screens is "The Moon Is Down," Nunnally Johnson's stirring adaptation of Steinbeck's novel

Steinbeck's widely discussed novel has become a fine and honest motion picture under the brilliant guidance of writer-producer Nunnally Johnson. The courageous stand of a brave and freedom-loving people against Nazi oppression is a great theme which has received inspired treatment in 20th Century-Fox's impressive film.

Screenland Honor Page



Most controversial character in Steinbeck's book was *Colonel Lanser*, the German officer of the old school who found it hard to stomach mass executions as a cure for sabotage. As played in the screen version by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, (left), *Lanser* emerges as a cold and uncompromising enemy with no hint of softness or sympathy. Irving Pichel's direction makes him automatically eligible for an Academy Award and public applause.

something to remember . . .

you looking like a dream in a slimming,
trimming, smoothing Jantzen Velva-lure
knitted to go in and out of water
with glamour, strategically pretty
as a picture because that's
the way he wants
to see you.



COQUETTE
with white daisies 6.95
cap to match 1.00

ENSENADA
leaf-patterned, dreamy 8.95

Jantzen

AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS
PORTLAND, OREGON . . . VANCOUVER, CANADA



TYRONE POWER

Leading a reckless crew on the war's most daring mission! Battling death in a depth-bombed submarine! Blasting Nazis on a bold Commando raid! Finding love in precious, stolen moments!

CRASHING HIS WAY TO UNFORGETTABLE GLORY in

CRASH DIVE

IN STIRRING TECHNICOLOR

with

ANNE BAXTER · DANA ANDREWS

James GLEASON · Dame May WHITTY

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO
Produced by MILTON SPERLING
Screen Play by Jo Swerling · Original Story by W. R. Burnett



Sociology class at the University of California, Los Angeles, answers questionnaire on "What's Wrong with Women?" Most answered: "Nothing's wrong!"

A MAN TRAP

1,000 men were interviewed! Hollywood stars helped! Girls, find out here how to seal the deal with your dream man

and hat to USO receptions, in my little wispy formal to the officers' ball, I went around interviewing *one thousand men*. Nice interviewing, if you can get it.

Glamor Puss had asked me to find the answer to a most intriguing question, and now with the statistics compiled and the survey all completed, I have my little fist full of the most terrific information. And it's all yours, baby, for the price of one SCREENLAND magazine!

Do you want to attract men like a honey attracts eyes? There's a formula for success. Perhaps you've known it right along, but if you're one of the legions of women who are forever going around getting their hearts broken, you just don't *know* that you know. At any rate, you're not applying this knowledge to yourself and *your* particular problem.

According to one thousand men, girls ALL make the same mistakes. And, stubbornly, even when they see the mistakes they have made in the past, they make them all over again. They break their hearts with each new romance.

If you've lost your heart throb to some luscious lady-wolf (there ARE such things!), or if he's not interested in any one else but neither is he interested in *you*, if your heart has been tossed back to you by a runaway boy friend, little girl, you're on a vicious merry-go-round, and you'd better get off. If you don't, even if you're ro-

Interviewing 1,000 men on how to trap a man! That's what our representative did. AND SHE FOUND OUT





At the air cadets' ball, "Glamor Puss" gets a good answer from a happy youngster on leave, with a pretty girl partner: "There's NOTHING wrong with girls!"

PAULETTE GODDARD:
"She gives the man the idea that he had ideas, all along!"

LANA TURNER:
The college men say: "Heaven can wait! I'll take Lana Turner."



mancing at 80, you'll be so used to doing the wrong things that you'll *still* be doing them. The incredible thing is that no matter if you are Judy O'Grady or the Colonel's lady, you'll both be making the SAME IDENTICAL MISTAKES. *Every girl who loses the man she's in love with makes the same errors.* Wouldn't you like to know what NOT to do?

Do you know what ALL men definitely do not want? Well, in the first place, they don't want to feel you are stalking *them.* The old hunter instinct is as definitely a part of the masculine setup as it was when the first cave man dragged the first cave woman to his lair. Men like to feel that a romance is all their idea. "You should be wooed and won," says attorney-at-law Roland Wiley of Nevada, who should know since he has married and divorced the same woman four times! But even should the wooing be a bit on the anemic side, don't lift a finger. Stay right there in your parlor, little girl, and l

Air Cadet Mike Pedersen can't imagine Joan Leslie, for instance, ever chasing a man. Quiet, retiring, with a subtle sparkle and charm, she'd let the man do the wooing because she just naturally couldn't make herself do otherwise.

But typical of the clever girl, not by nature the shy violet, but smart enough to give a man the idea that *he* has ideas, is mantrap Paulette Goddard. Quite one

thousand men believe that she is canny enough to throw out bait and then snatch it away, and by such tantalizing methods wind up with *their* world *her* lollipop.

Be like Paulette, and when things are going along at a nice clip with that boy you just met, even if you're going off the deep end, but good, be clever enough not to let him feel chained. Don't ever let him feel that he can't get away. Man is such a contrary creature that if you put no restrictions on him, no chains, if you don't imperil his freedom, then, perversely, he'll want to stay around.

You may be spinning a web to catch him, but be clever. Don't let him know it. When hunters trap wild horses, they build a trap that is green, camouflaged so the animals don't know they are being caught. Man is a wary animal. Don't push him into a cage and lock the door, or he will beat the door down to get out. Make him want to go into the cage. Don't even let him know that it IS a cage. Don't make advances.

Be provocative and intriguing, suggests tall and tantalizing Lockheed engineer Dusty Girton, but stop there. Once a girl starts chasing, a man just sits back and lets her do everything, while he is off to greener pastures looking for other fields to conquer. You can be companionable, fun. You can make him believe that being with you is the best thing in the world. But don't push him, don't force him. Be subtle. The old come-hither look is as good as the first day Eve gave her boy friend the once-over-lightly. And look what happened!

How should you act? I'll try to tell you, or, rather, I'll let you tell yourself. I'll draw you two pictures. Remember back to that boy you used to know that you didn't give a snap of your fingers (*Continued on page* 88)



Ann Sothern is one of those girls who knows how to bait a man trap. Here she is with her beau, Bob Sterling, on one of his furloughs.

LANA TURNER, IN THE M-G-M PICTURE, "SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS"



How YOU can have her dazzling Honey Skin-Tone





Lana Turner Confides:

A star is constantly meeting her public. She must look her loveliest *always*. "That's why I use Woodbury Powder," Lana Turner tells Louella Parsons, famous Hollywood Columnist. "It does more than blend with skin-coloring. *Instantly*, as it's fluffed on, it gives the perfect color-tone for glamour. I use *Woodbury Champagne Rachel*—it gives a luscious pale gold tone."

HE'll talk of Love

Yes—Woodbury shades are potent! Film directors helped create them. And thanks to the Color Control process, plus 3 texture refinings, Woodbury Powder gives a smoother, younger look! Shades: *Champagne Rachel*, *Rachel* (Hedy Lamarr's shade), *Natural* (Lucille Ball's shade), *Windsor Rose* (Rita Hayworth's shade), 4 others. Boxes of Woodbury Powder, $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



WOODBURY POWDER

Color-Controlled

Her Matched Make-up. Lana Turner's rouge and lipstick shades are in the $1 box of *Woodbury Champagne Rachel*. The $1 box (any shade) has matching rouge and lipstick—*at no extra cost!*





You fans who are autograph collectors must have many amusing, interesting experiences as you chase screen celebrities to ask for their signatures. Virginia, a fan herself as well as a starlet, would like to hear your anecdotes. Her prizes are well worth striving for. Boys, as well as girls, will be interested in this competition because the 4th, 5th, and 6th prizes, those autograph albums, are filled with "rare," hard-to-get signatures, with room for more. Read our rules, fill out the coupon on facing page, and write that letter! Judges will be Virginia Weidler and the Editor of SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, and their decisions will be final.

You'll enjoy entering Virginia's own prize contest! The little starlet plays an autograph hunter in her new picture, M-G-M's "The Youngest Profession," and she knows that most of you young fans also enjoy collecting signatures of noted stars. So her contest is based on this hobby. Just write an original letter describing "My Strangest (or Most Exciting, or Most Difficult) Experience in Autograph-Hunting." Be yourself in your letter—entries will be judged on the basis of originality and sincerity.

JUNIOR FANS! ENTER VIRGINIA WEIDLER'S

Virginia and Jean Porter (left) are real as well as reel life autograph hunters, and Greer Garson obliges.



Lana Turner makes guest appearance as herself in "The Youngest Profession." Director Eddie Buzzell lends support as Lana autographs.



Robert Taylor's signature is one of the most important to autograph collectors. Below, Bob obliges Virginia with his Johnhancock.





Compete for prizes personally selected by Virginia Weidler, star of M-G-M's "The Youngest Profession."
1st Prize: Spring ensemble: tailored suit in light-weight beige flannel pictured above and on facing page.
2nd Prize: Accessories of matching bag and "beanie" of brown felt embroidered in green and white, and beige gloves.
3rd Prize: Play-suit pictured by Virginia Weidler at right, and top left on facing page—one-piece shorts suit with separate matching skirt, of red and white striped seersucker.
4th, 5th, and 6th Prizes: Virginia Weidler's own autograph albums, already filled with signatures of famous stars including Clark Gable, Mickey Rooney, Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, and others, with space for more autographs.

CONTEST RULES

1. All letters will be given equal consideration regardless of age or sex of contestant. No letters will be returned.
2. In the event of a tie, prizes of equal value will be given to each tying contestant.
3. Contest closes midnight, June 8th, 1943.
4. Enclose coupon at bottom of page with your letter and address Virginia Weidler Prize Contest, SCREENLAND, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, N. Y.



PRIZE CONTEST

Scene from "The Youngest Profession" with Walter Pidgeon as autograph hunters' victim.



I am entering Virginia Weidler's Prize Contest with my competing letter enclosed herewith.

NAME .....

AGE .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY .....STATE.....



Hollywood has its "Yes" Men, but a "No" Man is a Novelty!

ONCE to every girl comes a best friend. With a nice padded shoulder to cry on. The best friend at best is usually a comfortable old bore. But that Ginger Rogers, *that* girl, she gets all the breaks. For a best friend she ups and draws not a goon, not a fuddy duddy, but Don Loper, one of the most attractive young men in America, and certainly the most fun.

Besides being Ginger's best friend Don Loper is a dancer, designer, composer, director and producer. He is famous for his passion for making women perfect. Possessed of a Pygmalion complex he simply can't resist telling a gal what's wrong with her clothes, her hair-do, and her make-up. But as he has never been caught in a case of bad taste no one resents it. His first words to Ginger were "Child, take those gadgets off your wrist, pin your hair up, and change the color of your lipstick. You look dreadful." Ginger loved it.

Don and Ginger met on Broadway in 1929 when Ginger was a leggy kid knocking her brains out in "Top Speed." Don had high hopes of dancing with Ginger in that show,

Top, Ginger Rogers, rehearsing with Don Loper, who sings and dances with her in "Lady in the Dark." Joe Lilley, popular song writer of such hits as *Jingle Jangle Jingle*, is the young man with them. Left above, Lela Rogers, the star's mother, and Dick Powell visit Ginger on the set; and Ginger with Warner Baxter, who also plays in her picture.

GINGER'S "NO" MAN

but he soon discovered that the show was being backed by his wealthy uncle who thought the stage was just about as bad for a young man as opium. "Better luck next time, Don," said Ginger consolingly. "I think we are a couple of great kids," said Don. "I think we ought to be great friends." And so they have been, ever since.

Naturally the studios have had an eye on the talented Mr. Loper for some time (Metro offered him $50,000 a year to become the studio's head fashion designer when Adrian went into business for himself) but he just wouldn't be lured to Hollywood until Paramount suggested that he dance with Ginger Rogers in their super terrific "Lady in the Dark." Don took the first train West. "Dancing with Ginger," he said, "will be sheer heaven."

Several months ago when he, fresh from the Santa Fe, appeared on the Paramount lot he and Ginger fairly fell into each other's arms with a hysterical, "Darling! Kiss-kiss-kiss!" Soon afterwards the columnists and radio chatterers announced that Ginger Rogers and Don Loper were practically at the altar. Don and Ginger and a guy named Jack Briggs got a great big laugh out of this—because they knew, and only they knew, that Ginger was just about to become Mrs. Briggs.

So when I wanted to hear the details *intime* of Ginger's recent most romantic marriage I went to her best friend. Over cold cuts and coffee at Lucey's we dished Miss Ginger to a fareyouwell.

Marine Private Jack Briggs, it seems, was stationed at San Diego, California, in charge of public relations for the Marine Corps. Jack, by the way, was the first actor to enlist in the Marines. He had been in boot camp for five weeks, and he was pretty homesick for Hollywood. Ginger Rogers, accompanied by Eddie Rubin, her press agent and friend, was on the last lap of her cross-country bond tour, and was well nigh pooped out.

But she forgot all about being tired when she got a good look at the tall, handsome, whole- *(Please turn to page 83)*

By

Elizabeth Wilson



Meet Don Loper, Ginger Rogers' best friend and severest critic!



First picture of Ginger Rogers in her big new rôle, that of *Liza Elliott*, magazine editor, in "Lady In the Dark," right. Left, Director Mitchell Leisen with Ginger, Loper, and Lilley, at the piano.

LATEST ABOUT LESLIE HOWARD

Here, in a letter from London, is news about an ever-popular personality

By Hettie Grimstead









Howard, above, behind the camera supervising scenes for his new picture, "We're Not Weeping." Center left, closeup of Jean Gillie, who plays one of the leading roles. Far left, scene filmed at one of Britain's big training camps for Howard drama of women at war.

AS YOU walk from the railroad depot up to the Denham Studios, the war seems a very long way off even today. Green fields, quiet woodland, little redstone houses in their well-tended gardens —everything looks peaceful and gentle.

But when you turn in through the studio gates, you come back to reality again. The doorman is a crippled ex-soldier and many of the middle-aged carpenters and painters are in the khaki uniform of the Home Guard and there are myriad rows of cycles parked where once the limousines and the roadsters stood.

Most of all you sense the war-time atmosphere when you enter the big plainly-furnished room which Leslie Howard uses. Quiet-seeming as it is, this office still pulses with activity and the sense of vital planning in progress, though Leslie himself sits lazily at his desk in an old blue sweater and grey slacks talking softly and charmingly to several of his (*Continued on page 81*)

Yvonne De Carlo



Davies: *Young lady, when I fish I catch. Why, back in Wisconsin when I was a boy . . .*
Mrs. Davies: *Yes, Joe, we know that story. Let's get started.*

That fateful summer America was still laughing at the absurd little house-painter who looked like a caricature and whose real name Schicklgruber sounded as if it had come out of Joe Miller's joke book. What if Italy had invaded Ethiopia, Japan had thrust at China and a grim rehearsal for war was going on in Spain? This was America, a country guarded by two oceans, a country powerful enough to stay at peace. Even astute Joseph Davies, vacationing at his Adirondack Camp with wife Marjorie and daughter Emlen, was more concerned with a coming shower than the storm brewing in Europe.



Davies: *When we come back home again, every tree, every lamp post is going to seem like the most beautiful thing in God's world.*

But one man saw disaster coming, the President of the United States. He wanted the hard facts of the European situation, the truth behind Hitler's raucous speeches, the truth about Russia. So it wasn't a diplomat he summoned but a realistic business man, his friend Joseph Davies, offering him the post of Ambassador to the Soviet Union. Politically a liberal, but also a capitalist, attorney for some of the richest corporations in the world, Davies wondered if Russia would accept a man of his background. The President's assurance was enough. The Davies family left for the mission to Moscow.



Schacht: *What is the plan?*
Davies: *Mr. Roosevelt proposes that all nations of the world limit armaments to weapons a man can carry on his shoulder.*

MISSION TO MOSCOW



Mrs. Davies: *I feel as if we'd walked onto a musical comedy stage.*
Emlen: *So do I. And not very good music at that.*
Davies: *No, nor very good comedy either.*

The mission began in Berlin. Certain Hitler was bluffing in his hysterical denials that he wanted war and that all he demanded was freedom of the seas and access to raw materials, President Roosevelt wanted Davies to call the Dictator's hand. The Ambassador's first glimpse of the Nazi capital was far from reassuring. The grim small boys of Hitler's Youth Movement, staging a demonstration to the strains of the Horst Wessell song as they goose-stepped through the station, the *seig heiling* onlookers, the ominous shadow of the swastika afforded very small hope for the eventual peace of the world.

History in the making, as filmed in the fascinating screen drama starring Walter Huston, with Ann Harding and an impressive cast

Forthright, forceful Davies impressed Dr. Schacht, head of the Reichbank when he told him President Roosevelt would support any German claims based on her legitimate needs or her legal rights if she would enter into an agreement with all the nations of the world to disarm and live together as good neighbors. It made sense to Schacht the business man, but Von Ribbentrop, the diplomat, laughed derisively when he was informed of the plan. Davies left for Moscow unable to see Hitler except at a distance as he reviewed his troops. The war drums had started beating, Davies was certain of that.

Complete Photo Drama from new Warner film based on famous book by Joseph E. Davies.



Davies: *I'm not a professional diplomat. The only language I know is what I think.*
Kalinin: *Then you and my people will speak the same language.*

The very air of Moscow seemed clear and realistic after Berlin. At his first conference with President Kalinin of the Soviet Union, Davies felt that here there would be no evasion. They were two men with varying political ideas, each thinking his own country's system the right one. But they were also two men admiring the other's honesty and tolerant of his views. Kalinin felt assured Davies was a man who had come to Russia with an open mind and the American Ambassador was equally convinced of Kalinin's sincerity when he declared Russia wanted only peace but would defend herself if necessary.



Complete cast and credits on page 90

Madame Litvinov: *I'm glad we met like this instead of at the reception. Whenever I wear tight shoes I'm apt to say the most extraordinary things!*
Mrs. Davies: *But you are an extraordinary woman. How on earth do you manage to do so many things?*

The warm friendliness of the Davies family brought them instant friends. Foreign Minister Litvinov and Ivy, his English-born wife, showed their pleasure when Mrs. Davies paid them an impulsive visit instead of waiting for a more formal introduction at the reception they were giving later to honor the Americans. Mrs. Davies returned Ivy Litvinov's admiration. She was deeply impressed by this talented, witty woman, wife of one of Russia's most important men, who spent much of her time teaching and helping the children of the country she had adopted as her own when she married Litvinov.



Paul: *This reminds me of a Russian story I read as a kid. All we need is a wolf running behind the sleigh.*
Emlen: *Then why don't you?*

But Emlen had found more than friendship. The greatest adventure of her life had come, here in this foreign country, under an alien moon and strange stars, when she met Paul Grosjean, a young engineer, and knew that she loved him. Nothing was as thrilling as that, the drive in the troika, the ski troops they met coming back from manoeuvres led by their General, Timoshenko. They would hear of that General some day, their host, a young Russian Major, assured them. But even though the saying in Russia is that spring is for lovers, winter for soldiers, it wasn't the General she remembered.

Emlen: *It'll probably be a very dull party. Both Daddy and I get bored at anything formal. But we have to go.*
Tanya: *I'm glad you're coming, Miss Davies.*

Later, after they had stopped at the small inn far out in the country where the youth of Moscow came for the winter sports, they met the young dark girl who didn't think it was extraordinary at all that she belonged to the Russian Women's Parachute Corps. She seemed amused when Emlen expressed her fear there would be only staid waltzes at the reception the Litvinovs were giving that night in honor of her father, and Emlen realized one diplomat in the Davies family was far from sufficient when she discovered the girl she had been talking to so frankly was Litvinov's young daughter, Tanya.



Molotov: *You know, Mr. Davies, this is the first formal reception the Soviet Union has ever given to a foreign diplomat.*
Davies: *So I understand, sir. It's a great honor to my country.*

Ambassador Davies made another friend when Ivy Litvinov introduced him to Premier Molotov and his wife at the reception and the American expressed his admiration of the things he had seen on a tour of Soviet factories. But when he showed his surprise that in many of the factories the installations were not fixed in cement and were movable, Molotov explained the plans had been conceived that way in case it ever became necessary to move them. Davies' admiration for Russian realistic thinking increased. Here was a country which could be a formidable enemy or good ally.





Emlen: *I like it even better than the Ballet Russe in New York.*
Tukhachevsky: *This is the real Ballet Russe, Miss Davies.*

It began so gay and enchanting that evening at the ballet. Tukhachevsky who had invited the Davies family there as his guests was being very debonair and charming as he pointed out the ballet proved that the Soviets for all their efficiency loved beauty too. Only later, after the Russian police had come to their box, arrested their host, did the Davieses know that the colorful spectacle on the stage had been the background for a grim drama. Davies was troubled when he heard of the other high officials who had also been taken into custody, and dismayed that Stalin shrouded the issue in secrecy.



Davies: *Based on twenty years' trial practice, I'd be inclined to believe those confessions.*

Then the trials began and one after another the prisoners confessed they had plotted with the exiled Leon Trotsky to throw over the Stalin regime by involving Russia in a war with Germany and Japan. Goebbel's assertion that the defendants had either been tortured into confessing or were fanatics who would face even death in loyalty to their leader found too many ears willing to listen and believe any story discrediting the Soviets. Davies, attending the trials, interested as a lawyer as well as a diplomat, sent a report to the President that he felt sure the condemned men were really traitors.

Shigemitsu: *The China incident will be settled to our mutual satisfaction. It's a matter of concern only to Greater Asia.*
Davies: *If Japan had wanted peace so passionately there would be no China incident.*

In contrast to the directness of the Russians there was the smiling affability of Shigemitsu, the Japanese diplomat whose eagerness to impress Davies with Japan's friendship for the United States did not fool the practical Ambassador. He had seen and heard enough of the representatives of the various Fascist countries to know his President had been right, that the fires of war were already being laid and that soon the spark would come to ignite the blaze. Now more than ever it was imperative to learn the truth about Russia, know which side she would align herself with when time came.

Tukhachevsky: *You have read Karl Marx?*
Emlen: *It was required reading in sociology. I didn't enjoy it.*

Tanya kept her promise. There were fox trots. Emlen wanting to dance every one of them with Paul wasn't at all impressed with the honor of having the important Marshal Tukhachevsky of the Red Army single her out as his favorite partner. And while they were dancing Litvinov received the news that an explosion had destroyed another Soviet defense factory. These seeming accidents had been occurring too often to be dismissed as anything but sabotage. Stalin was certain that it was the work of traitors, that the fifth column had come to Russia as it was soon to come to every country.



Reporter: *It's just as if back home the F.B.I. locked up most of the Cabinet, Supreme Court justices and Congress.*
Davies: *Listen, boys, if you want my advice don't jump to any wild conclusions until you know the facts.*

The world shared the Ambassador's shock over the arrests. What was happening? Was Stalin purging the army? Had the defendants been executed? Editors in democratic and fascist countries alike were demanding the news from their Russian correspondents. But no one could penetrate the censorship that had settled like a pall over Moscow. Davies had no more information to give his own government than he had for the newspapermen clamoring for facts. He refused to allow himself to be swayed or to condemn until he knew the truth.



Davies: *I'm going to impress upon my government how grave the situation is.*
Litvinov: *Good! Mr. Roosevelt can wake the people to their danger if anyone can.*

The sensational trials over at last, Davies saw that instead of weakening the Red Army the fact there had been traitors among them had strengthened it. He was impressed with the Russian forces that day Stalin reviewed the Soviet forces. The planes, the tanks, the show of mechanical strength was no idle boast. There was no bluster here in Moscow, no fanatical singing or swagger such as there had been in Berlin. Instead there was that quiet determination which made Davies inform his own government that experts had underestimated Russia. Here was a country ready to fight if war should come.

Davies: *Why were these people taken to Moscow?*
Chinese Ambassador: *Because Russia is our friend as she is the friend of anyone who fights Fascism.*

Davies' mission to Moscow had been completed. He had discovered what he had come to find out, when Litvinov declared that Russia would stand with the United States, France and England against the aggressor nations. And he knew Russia was a country who remembered her friends and was loyal to them when the Chinese Ambassador took him to the hospital where Chinese refugees from Japanese violence had found sanctuary. And it was that night when he returned to the Embassy he knew the flames were emerging from the banked fires of war. Hitler had started his long march of conquest.



Churchill: *As you know, I'm not a member of the government.*
Davies: *But you have tremendous influence with the English people. Bring home to them the terrible danger we're all in.*

Before Davies arrived in England, Chamberlain had completed his Munich pact with Hitler. The Ambassador tried to impress the government in power with the danger of their appeasement of Germany and of sacrificing a military alliance with the one country Hitler really feared. At last in desperation Davies went to the one man who would listen, to Winston Churchill. And even as they talked Hitler's triumphant voice came over the radio, making another of his endless promises that Czecho-Slovakia was the last territory he desired, that it would be peace in our time as Chamberlain had promised.







Stalin: *We must be able to rely on our mutual guarantees with the other democracies or we may be forced to protect ourselves in some other way.*
Davies: *On my way home I'm stopping off in England. May I quote what you have just told me?*

Russia had taken the honest Ambassador Davies to its heart but there was still one more honor to be conferred on him. Before his departure he was told that Stalin, the aloof, the mysterious, the man who had never before talked to the representative of a foreign country wanted to see him. He was a blunt man, Stalin, and Davies respected that bluntness. In a few words he voiced his opinion that the reactionary Chamberlain government had made Germany strong so that she would attack Russia, but that Russia would keep her pledge to aid Czecho-Slovakia if England and France kept theirs.



Davies: *I want to lay the ghosts our Fascist propagandists have been brewing about Russia and tell our people the facts.*

These were the facts about Russia as he saw them, Davies pointed out to the State Department on his return home, the reasons Russia had made her much criticized pact with Germany. Cordell Hull, Davies, President Roosevelt warned a peaceful country of danger coming closer. Only some listened. It took bombs to wake the others, bombs falling that Sunday morning on Hawaii. Only then did the forces of evil start receding and hope spring up that swords would again become plowshares and the seeds of peace sown in a free world.



The cause of it all! Alice Faye Harris, Jr., at the age of eight and a half months, is the reason her mother says: "I need no more from life."

By Jack Holland

Why should Alice Faye—still young, still beautiful, still popular—threaten to retire from pictures? You'll find the answer in this exclusive story



WILL Alice Faye LEAVE THE SCREEN?

"WHILE it's not a certainty, it is at least a possibility that 'Hello, Frisco, Hello' may be my last picture. So much depends on what the future will bring to me."

It was Alice Faye who told me this when I talked to her on the set of her new picture. "Hello, Frisco, Hello" is something in the nature of a comeback for Alice since it is her first film in over a year and her first since she retired from the screen to welcome into the Harris household little Alice Harris.

In all of my long friendship with Alice, I had never seen her looking as beautiful and as slender as she did that day on the set. I hadn't seen her for several months, so it was this new vivacity, this new beauty springing from great happiness that impressed me so vividly. Not that Alice wasn't always lovely. But, to coin an ad, something new had been added. Something new that came from her eyes and seemed to illuminate everything about her.

We were talking about her "comeback" and what it meant to her. Her only reaction to returning to the screen was her surprise in finding that there was still a great deal of fan interest in Alice Faye.

"I was sure that I'd be more or less forgotten in this past year," Alice told me. "I simply couldn't imagine anyone having interest in an actress who has been idle as long as I have. Naturally, I am extremely grateful to know that my public is still pulling for me. And I hope they won't be disappointed.

"I did a lot of thinking before I actually made up my mind to do another picture. Phil and I talked it over. When baby Alice was born, pictures seemed, somehow, very far away. Phil made no attempt to make up my mind for me. He offered no objections to—well, shall we say a return engagement. And he did not go out of his way to encourage it. He left it up to me. He simply thought it wasn't for him to interfere—although I would have welcomed any idea he might have presented. But all he said was, 'You have never tried to make decisions for me in my work, so I see no reason why I should influence you one way or another. I want you to do what will make you happy.'

"But, you see, I already had happiness, something I hadn't known for a long time. My marriage was proving to be so wonderful and when the baby came, I was so thrilled I could scarcely believe such a thing had actually happened to me. I had always wanted a child.

"I might have remained undecided, but I guess curiosity—and maybe a challenge—made up my mind for me. And then when I read the script of 'Hello, Frisco, Hello' and saw its entertainment possibilities, I thought I'd come back. For the most part, I am glad that I did. The world today needs entertainment, and I have enjoyed working in the picture a lot. Everyone has been very kind to me. And I was glad to find that nothing seemed strange to me during production."

It wasn't so much what Alice said as the way she said it that made me wonder about her career. The impression I got was that family life had superseded ambition and career. That what was finally hers was so great that the glamor of being a motion picture star was of secondary importance to Alice Faye.

This may sound like so much balderdash. Many of you have been fed up with movie stars going idealistic about family and babies, probably because you've seen how short a time such ideals last. But in Alice's case, it's a different story. There can be no doubt that she is honest and sincere in her belief. Being a star has never filled her with any tremendous amount of excitement. True, she has liked her work and she has struggled hard and long to gain her success, but all of Alice's friends felt that when the day came she found (*Please turn to page 76*)



"Hello, Frisco, Hello," may be Alice Faye's last picture. Our scoop story tells you why. She wears costume above in her come-back rôle. At right, as Alice looked in one of her early films, "Ball of Fire." Just another cute, pert kid. Today she is one of 20th Century-Fox's most valuable star possessions.

WHY 'HE
FELL OUT OF

Exclusive! The touchingly human story of the break-up of the Rooney romance

By May Mann

WHEN his marriage to pretty Ava Gardner broke up, Mickey Rooney was a bewildered boy. He is still confused, hurt, puzzled. With his vibrant enthusiasm, Mickey put his whole heart into his dream of Mrs. Mickey Rooney, their home, companionship, perhaps a Mickey Rooney, Jr. And right now you can believe that Mickey is doing an Academy Award piece of acting. With manly fortitude Mickey is acting at being

MICKEY ROONEYS

LOVE



Beautiful Ava Gardner was born in Smithfield, North Carolina; went to high school in Wilson, N. C. Picture on opposite page is one made by M-G-M when the film company was about to give her a "build-up" as a starlet. Now she wants to resume the career she left off when she married Mickey Rooney. Reconciliation scene, below. The young Rooneys made up, went to Ciro's. The reunion didn't last.

Photo by Jean Durat

the carefree, wise-cracking Mickey with his usual buoyant broad grin—hoping that no one will suspect that disillusionment, bewilderment and heartbreak still linger.

Mickey was genuinely in love with the little Carolina beauty. Ava was new to Hollywood. Like any other girl she is a bit bedazzled by its overpowering glitter. Mickey, accustomed to fame, has long taken it in his stride. But it can readily be understood that Ava at nineteen is impressionable—and was literally swept off her pretty feet when *Andy Hardy* asked her to marry him!

You have to know Mickey to understand his sincerity. He does everything the hard way. No effect is too great, no detail too small for his dynamic exuberance and ambition. At golf he hits the 70's. He was Junior Singles Champion of Southern California in tennis. He can hoof with Astaire, put over songs and impersonations in a way that has earned him the reputation of a second George M. Cohan. Tommy Dorsey offered him the drummer's job in his band—Mickey's that good at beating the skins. Always Mickey works to elevate himself into the champ class. One day on a Florida beach he saw an acrobat doing back handsprings and flip-overs. Mickey practiced all day long. Fell on his back a hundred times trying to do the difficult trick. But he mastered it. So it is small wonder with his indomitable spirit that he made so many attempts to save his marriage.

The split-up came as a complete surprise to Mickey. Had he known that Sunday night that Ava had told a radio commentator she was filing suit for divorce, rest assured that Mickey would have persuaded her otherwise. But Mickey didn't know in time to avert the disaster of personal tragedy and loss that was about to befall him. Mickey had never been engaged (*Continued on page 72*)

SMALL FRY



Hit of M-G-M's "The Human Comedy" by William Saroyan, Jack Jenkins (better known as "Butch" Dudley) is just five years old. Son of actress Doris Dudley and grandson of New York newspaperman Bide Dudley, "Butch" was playing on the beach at Santa Monica when director Clarence Brown spied him. As Mickey Rooney's kid brother in the Saroyan classic, he's the new child wonder of Hollywood.



In his very first movie part, little Jack Jenkins will win your heart as *Ulysses*, baby of the *Macauley* family whom Saroyan immortalizes in "The Human Comedy," his tender drama of American life today. Mickey Rooney as *Homer* took big brotherly interest in the freckle-faced newcomer, coached him patiently in their scenes together.





Three brothers! Mickey Rooney shows "Butch" a picture of their "older brother" Van Johnson, killed in action in the Saroyan story. Other cast members including Frank Morgan and Fay Bainter give fine performances, but "The Human Comedy" is really a triumph for Mickey and "Butch."

"Thank Your Lucky Stars"

Charm Can't Be Rationed!

Don't give up glamor for the duration, cautions Alexis Smith to all the other girls whose hearts belong to boys in the service







For those furlough dates, Alexis (engaged to handsome Corporal Craig Stevens) always wears her gayest gown. Above, lovely for evening in white with bright flower-strewn skirt. Facing page, in streamlined blue. Right, smart suit of navy blue striped in red and gray—for that lunch date.

From top left: Black and white checks are good for waistcoat front on two-piece frock. A new Spring dress with draped neckline has short crossed-over sleeves. New Spring coat of Casablanca tan is plaided in white, with brown velvet collar. See Alexis in Warners' "Thank Your Lucky Stars."


Ann Sheridan

Yes, Astaire Can Pick 'Em



Joan plays girl photographer who chases celebrities with charm and camera while Fred just chases. Benchley, above, is for laughs.



Every time Joan corners a celebrity, there's Fred in the way. But eventually, after a dance or two, and some woo, Fred wins her over.



Trust Fred to grab himself off the most glamorous new gals to dance with, and act with, and make love to! He seems such a retiring, quiet guy—but you remember he picked Ginger Rogers, and Rita Hayworth, too—and now it's Joan Leslie who's "glorified" in new Astaire film, "The Sky's the Limit."



RKO-Radio photos

Betty Grable

DANCES THE "Maxixe"



South American dance popularized (pre-World War I) is brought partner Hermes Pan in "Coney



DOIN' THE "MAXIXE"

No. 1. The two in an open ballroom position, girl with arms outstretched, side to sid heels down as shown.

No. 2. Betty and Hermes face each other with a airplane fashion and pivot around in a big

No. 3. Coming out of the turns, Hermes throws Betty at arms' length in a sudden stop.

No. 4. Both dancers face each other, balanced on t with arms well back.

No. 5. After several turns they fall into an open ballroom position with legs crossed.

No. 6. Hermes winds Betty up as pictured, and does a dip in preparation for lift.

No. 7. Hermes throws Betty in air and does a turn at the same time.

No. 8. They finish in a low dip on opposite sides with legs and bodies on an angle.

NOW YOU TRY AND DO IT!

20th Century-Fox photos



by Irene and Vernon Castle
back by Betty Grable and
Island," to the tune of *Dengoza*

Horne of Plenty!

Lovely Lena Horne has everything it takes to wow movie audiences. See and hear this alluring personality in "Stormy Weather," 20th Century-Fox's colorful new musical



erre Aumont, in "Assignment in Brittany."



Richard Quine, in "We've Never Been Licked."



Mike O'Shea, in "Lady of Burlesque."



William Eythe, in "The Ox-Bow Incident."



Van Johnson, in "The Human Comedy."



Richard Derr, in "Tonight We Raid Calais."

MEN OF THE MOMENT!

Right now, the men pictured on this page are the best star bets for Spring, '43. But we can't promise they will all be around Hollywood indefinitely. Pierre Aumont, for example—the sensational new actor in "Assignment in Brittany"—will complete only one more picture for M-G-M ("A Thousand Shall Fall") before reporting to Fighting French headquarters in London for military duty. So femme movies fans are advised to take several good, long, lingering looks at these personable players

YOUNG AMERICA



17-year-old Don Granger of North Hollywood High School answered a four-line $2 want ad. Now he has a $100,000 film contract!

Fantastic, but true! Don has featured rôle opposite Anne Baxter in Samuel Goldwyn's big new drama of Russia today, "The North Star." Few weeks ago he was sacking groceries in a super-market for his spending money. The ad he answered read: "BOY, over 17 but not 18; theatrical experience desirable but not essential. Send photo and brief biography." It pays to advertise and to answer: Don got his chance for screen test and won a contract; Goldwyn found the bright new lad he had been looking for.

"Oh, boy!" says Don. "Now Mom can quit her job at the five-and-dime, and I can buy her a new davenport for the one my gang wrecked roughhousing around the living room!" Mrs. Granger, pictured here with her son, was at one time prominent in San Francisco Peninsula Society, but financial reverses compelled her to seek a job. Her boy Don is six feet tall, weighs 159, has dark brown hair and eyes. His screen début in "The North Star," Goldwyn's new picture, will be as a peasant who turns to guerrilla fighting when the Nazis invade Russia.

IN THE MOVIES

Mimi Chandler, the 16-year-old daughter of United States Senator A. B. "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky, is making her movie début

Pretty, talented Mimi was screen-tested last September by Paramount Pictures, and proved such a swell screen bet that she was signed to a long-term contract. Her first rôle is the feminine lead in "Henry Aldrich Swings It," opposite popular Jimmy Lydon, pictured with Mimi at lower right. Below, proud father Chandler lunches with Mimi and her big boss, Y. Frank Freeman, studio chief.





Cary Grant, "Lucky" Again

Once more Cary gets a good rôle. Better say, he grabs one, for he selects all his own stories, has uncanny knack of picking winners. As an ex-gambler reformed by love and patriotism, who enlists in the Merchant Marine Service, Grant gives one of his brilliant, apparently casual but actually carefully planned performances. Below, with Laraine Day, who plays the society girl smitten by "Mr. Lucky." Lower left, Charles Bickford in scene with star. Picture finished, Cary left to entertain our boys in service.

RKO-Radio photos

Rogers, Big-Time Cowboy





Scenes above show Roy Rogers with Smiley Burnette and with Virginia Grey

Just because his company, Republic Pictures, chooses to call his next movie "King of the Cowboys" doesn't signify that Roy Rogers automatically lives up to the title rôle. As a matter of fact, though, recent events have borne out his right to the title. As rodeo star at Madison Square Garden, Roy was Manhattan's manly pet, made fans of many who never saw him on the screen. Touring Texas Army camps, he gained more friends who will cheer his forthcoming Western "specials."





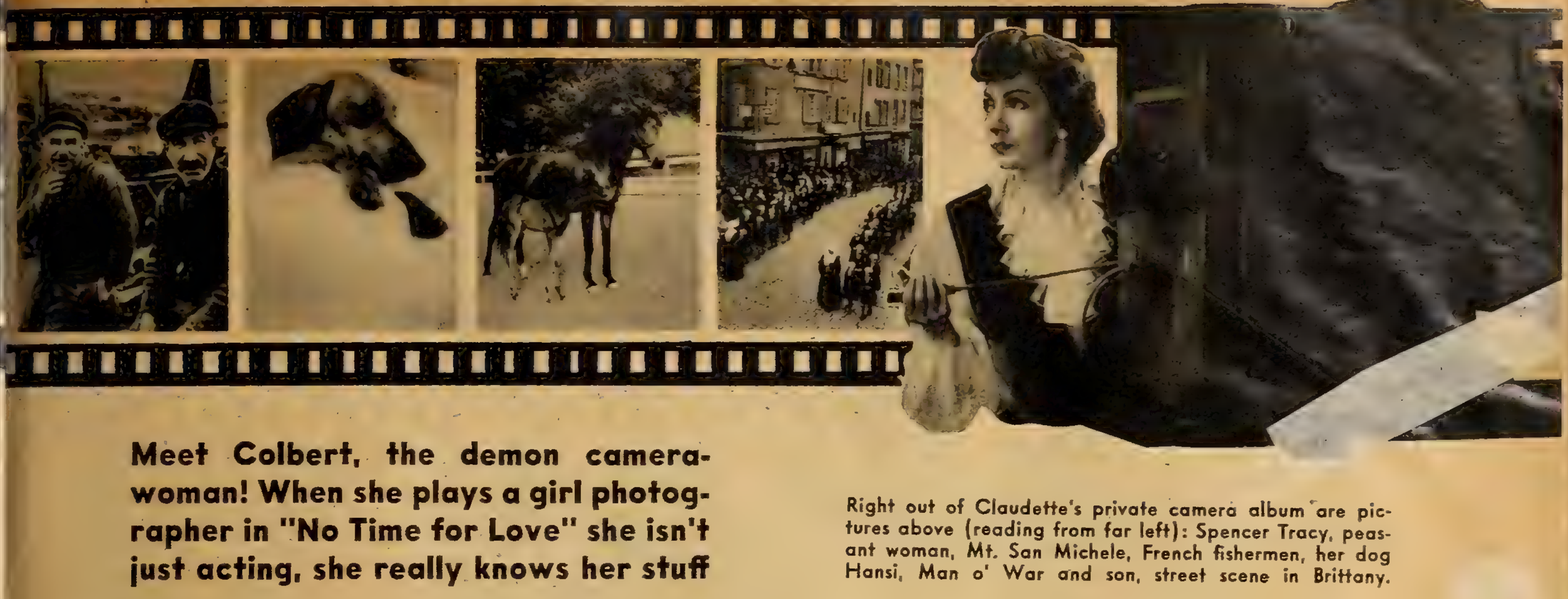




TAKE A PICTURE, Darling!



By
Ruth
Tildesley



Meet Colbert, the demon camera-woman! When she plays a girl photographer in "No Time for Love" she isn't just acting, she really knows her stuff

Right out of Claudette's private camera album are pictures above (reading from far left): Spencer Tracy, peasant woman, Mt. San Michele, French fishermen, her dog Hansi, Man o' War and son, street scene in Brittany.

WHEN "No Time for Love" comes to your local theater you'll see Claudette Colbert handling various types of cameras like a seasoned veteran. Even Margaret Bourke-White couldn't be more professional. Why? Claudette has real know-how.

She's modest about it, laughs it off the way Claudette always laughs off the things she does well, but the cameramen on the set tell me she's "good—and we mean *good!*"

Claudette and her Graflex were dodging in and out of an underground tunnel that was flooded with a slimy mud made of mineral gelatine, fireclay and water. She wore a metal helmet, white blouse, a pair of beautifully cut beige slacks, and red shoes; pretty soon, no doubt, the mud and the girl would become intimate but at that moment no Graflex ever had a more glamorous operator.

"I've had a Leica, a Rolleiflex and a portrait camera," she confided, presently, "but I never had one of these before. I had to learn about the bulb. Today every kid knows how to use them, but the first time I made a shot with it, I grabbed the bulb on top—wouldn't you *know!*—and burned my hand. Then I learned to take it from underneath, not touching the glass. I had to learn to do it like lightning.

" I wish I had more time to pursue camera work as a hobby. Before the war, you know how I used to go in for enlarging and silhouettes and all that—remember how I ruined my rug with acid? But now I feel, as we all do, that spare time should be given to bond sales, canteens, knitting and camp entertainment, so I've shut the dark room up for the duration."

A sailor and his bride of three hours were brought up for photographing with the star. Claudette turned her high candlepower dark eyes on them. "My husband's in the Navy, too," she told them, proudly. "He writes me every day, and we've been married six years! You write her every day—hear me? Best of luck from one Navy wife to another!"

She almost told them to send each other pictures but snatched it back because the Navy might have its own ideas on that.

Back in her dressing room, she poured a shower of snapshots out of a shopping bag. Snow scenes from the Tyrol, religious processions in Brittany, street scenes in Vienna, faces of peasants, legendary castles, old-time markets spilled from couch to chair to carpet.

"My record of yesterday," she commented. "It's more than four years since my husband and I were in Europe; since then the sort of life we caught with our cameras has vanished completely; this is history. This is what makes taking pictures get into your blood.

"We were in Austria during the *Anschluss*. We were staying in Innsbruck when the Nazis marched in. There was tremendous excitement—I've never lived through such tension, such feeling. Nobody paid any attention to me, they had too much else to think of, so I darted around shooting pictures in the streets as fast as I could."

Claudette thought the Nazis had planted Germans in the town to organize the cheering, and because she had loved the old Austria she was too furious to be frightened. She kept Dr. Pressman on tenterhooks for fear she'd be arrested.

"Men would give me the *Heil* salute," she recalled, "and I'd say: 'Oh, go away, you make me tired!' and wouldn't return it, as you were supposed to do.

" 'Be careful, won't you?' my husband would urge. 'These people don't trifle. You'll wind up in jail.' But I said: 'I'm an American. I won't *Heil* anybody. I hope everyone knows I'm an American. I'm proud of it!' Maybe they were too busy to (*Please turn to page 87*)



Subject: Director Mitchell Leisen. Photographer: Claudette Colbert. On the set of their new picture, "No Time for Love."

HOW SHALL I DO MY *Hair?*

By Josephine Felts





Lucille Ball, lovely star of Metro's "Du Barry Was a Lady, likes sophisticated up-swept hair-do; for long or short hair.

A NEW hair-do is like a new hat—it gives a girl confidence. Some people go so far as to say it is an indication that the lady's in love. We won't go into this right now as it is more a matter of psychology than of good looks and therefore out of our province. But we do know that the way you do your hair has a great effect in the way you look at the world. As well as the way the world looks at you. And there are no priorities in hair styles!

To begin with, have a good permanent wave even if it costs a little more. Most good things do. And have it given by a competent operator. In permanents as in other things it pays to buy from a well-known maker under a specific brand. It's possible today to have a permanent all the essentials of which are packed in one special box. Insist that the seal be broken before your eyes. Then you know that everything inside is surgically clean, sanitary designed to work harmoniously together to give you best results. This means there is nothing hit or miss about it . . . or about the lovely glossy smoothness of the way your hair looks after it.

In choosing your style, study the shape of your head as well as the shape of your face, using a good hand mirror to consider the back view. You can quickly tell if you can wear your hair swept up in back by the sim-



The Chinacana! That's what they call Donna Reed's exotic new coiffure. You can't see that it makes use of hair wool inside. She plays in Metro's "The Human Comedy." Pretty, young Janet Blair prefers the up-swept effect using small combs in back. You won't want to miss her in "Victory Caravan," by Columbia.



ple process of brushing your hair all forward and having a good look at the back of your neck.

Consider too the hats you want to wear. This year some of the hats perch up in front and demand that the hair sweep up in the back; others fit down snugly over the head in back and cry aloud for curls over the forehead. The prettiest hat in the world can be ruined by the wrong hair style under it. So plan your hair with the kind of hat you want to wear, in mind.

Everybody is talking about hair length today. Shall it be long or short? We are a great individualist in this matter and say, have it short if you like or medium with Lucille Ball and Janet Blair or long with Donna Reed, But long or short, it should be smooth, no fly away curls to catch in the winds that blow or in machinery if you work in a war plant. Short hair is easier to care for and wear it by all means if it becomes you.

For daytime-wear it is a good rule, though not a hard and fast one, to have your hair clear your collar. If you wear the up-swept style as Janet Blair does, little combs are an excellent idea to hold the ends up in place.

If your hair is long and heavy and your great pride and joy and you wouldn't cut it for *anything*, coil it neatly behind as does Donna Reed. It will look sweet and individual.

This particular style is called the Chinacana which is the name of an American adaptation of a hair style worn by the ladies of China. The front hair is parted in the middle from the center top to the mid-line. Then the front hair is parted and rolled under a small piece of hair wool to form bangs. The side hair is brushed up and rolled leaving part showing. The side back hair is rolled in a short knot behind each ear. The long center back hair is braided and rolled.

Lucille Ball's new coiffure shown on facing page is particularly interesting because it can be arranged with either long or short hair. The front hair is curled into one large curl with several short fluffy ones. At the crown of the head the hair is brushed into a smooth cap. Then, if your hair is short, a roll of false hair is pinned, circling the crown, and the short bob is brushed up. Hair pins or small combs hold it in place. The pretty soft curls at the top of the hair line before the side rolls start keep this coiffure from any severity.

In order to do your hair as Janet Blair does (pictured on facing face) you part it on the right in back then sweep the back hair up to the left. The sides are drawn up into sleek rolls ending in softly sculptured flat curls. There is a right side part in front and you get an effect of pompadour bangs which blend into the curls at either side.



Merle Oberon, as charming as usual, will be next seen in Columbia's "Attack by Night."

GUIDE TO GLAMOR

Tremendous trifles go together to make up the lovely thing that is Beauty and may be yours



Two smart Dura-Gloss shades; one light, one dark, matched to different moods.



Cologne Compact, Helena Rubinstein's brilliant, gay, new fragrance formula.

WINEBERRY and Tropical, what lovely names for summer polishes! Dura-Gloss makes them both and for smooth, long-lasting, sparkling polishes they are hard to beat. They contain a special substance that makes them stay on the nail longer. There is a nice touch about their bottles too: on the cap you will find a simulated fingernail, just the color which the name indicates. Try them out this way in the store with the bottle next to your hand. See what that particular color does to the tone of your skin; try it with the dress you want to wear; look at it in reference to your lipstick. This will all save you time and trouble. Considerate person, Mr. Dura-Gloss.

HELENA RUBINSTEIN predicts that "American women will stay beautiful for the duration" and goes ahead to help make it true. For her Cologne Compact is a stroke of genius: a cologne without a drop of rationed alcohol, in a compact you may carry with you, keep in your desk or purse or locker without fear lest it evaporate. You use it just as you would perfume, a touch on your ear, your wrist, your hair. It's amazingly lasting and is now available in Heaven-Sent, later, also in Apple Blossom.

Powd'R-Base, the make-up foundation in stick form that glamorizes faces.



SPEED and convenience are important make-up items these days. When to them you add a glorious new quality to your complexion, you have an exciting find. Hampden's Powd'R-Base is just such a find. The unique stick form makes it so easy to apply, does away with waste. And what it does for the appearance of the texture of your skin will please you no end. You will find that in addition to holding your make-up a fine long time, this creamy foundation will help conceal fine lines and blemishes.

KEEPING cool and comfortable poses something of a problem in stockingless days. Moreover, warm, sticky feet in precious shoes are to be avoided. Here comes a good foot powder to the rescue! It is called Blue Jay Foot Powder, is soothing, cools your feet and deodorizes. You sprinkle it right into your shoes and between your toes before you slip your foot in. We seem to stress comfort and that is important but it is also a fact that perspiration has an acid reaction which wrecks havoc with the shoe linings. That is why this fine powder protects your shoes at the same time it makes your feet so much more comfortable.

VARVA has just introduced a new help for busy girls in the form of a Cosmetic Kit to carry all make-up in one place, where it won't get mixed up with rationing books. It comes with two treasures already inside: a bottle each of "Follow Me" and Eau de Toilette. This silky fabric bag with shirred pockets inside is beautifully finished. There is plenty of room inside for your handkerchief, change purse, compact and lipstick. And of course the two bottles of Varva's "Follow Me" fragrance. It comes in five different color combinations among which you will be sure to find your favorite.

EVERY so often each of us needs to be reminded that it is possible to take the odor out of perspiration, and to do so pleasantly. We use that word advisedly for Mum, one of the creamy deodorants, is so soft and gentle that your sensitive skin won't rebel when you use it even immediately after underarm shaving. The first precaution, of course, is always your daily bath but Mum protects you against perspiration odors acquired later during the day. It takes but half a minute to apply and lasts during hours of even the most strenuous activity. Use your deodorant regularly. It's so much better to be safe than to be sorry!



Never run the risk of underarm perspiration when it's so easy to be sure.

Ginger Rogers, who won the 1940 Academy Award for "Kitty Foyle," at this year's event with hubby Private Jack Briggs and Bob Hope.

Here's Hollywood

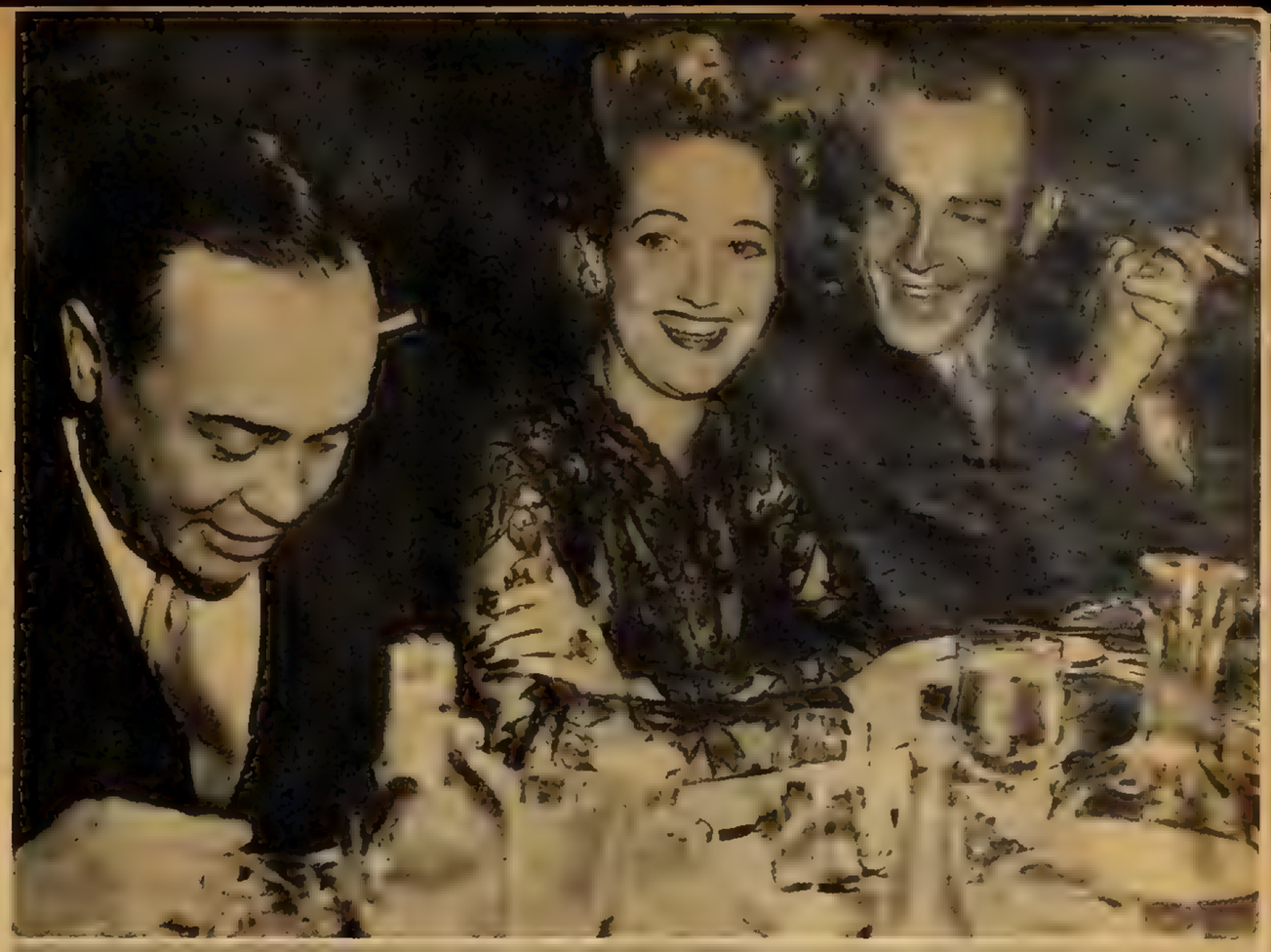
The Winners! Lt. Van Heflin, Greer Garson, James Cagney and Teresa Wright, left below, with their 1942 "Oscars." Below, Cagney and the "Missus" at this year's Academy dinner.







Lovely Ingrid Bergman, seated between her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, and Producer David Selznick at the Academy dinner.



No dancing at this year's banquet, so Dottie Lamour and Capt. William Howard had fun ribbing Paramount boss B. G. De Sylva.

THE front office may not like it, but the cast and crew of "Lady In The Dark" were delighted whenever Ginger Rogers' new husband visited the set. Ginger, who has blossomed out like a new bride, quit work early whenever her Marine was in town. Hollywood is still finding it hard to believe that this is the same Ginger, who used to brush off everyone but a few well-chosen friends. Ah, l'amour, l'amour!

TOUGH break for Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling. His last leave before his transfer to Thunderbird Field, Arizona, was naturally to be spent with Ann. Bob caught the measles and was sent to quarantine. So all he did was write letters. Every time Ann received one (which was often) across the back of the envelope in large letters, Bob had printed: "This letter has been baked." Just one more way of keeping his love warm.

SIX months ago you could have bought up Bonita Granville's contract for a good set of dishes. Then she went into an unheralded picture called "Hitler's Children." So great has been its reception, Bonita is hailed as a new star, has been given a wonderful new contract and every producer on the RKO lot is trying to find a script with a Bonita Granville part in it. By every right Bonita should really make them eat dirt. Instead, she only smiles.

Candids by Jean Duval Gossip by Weston East

ANNE SHIRLEY is now legally free from John Payne. She received her final decree and left soon after to visit New York. On the way back she stopped off in Maryland to see Eddie Albert. Hollywood was positive these two would marry, Anne's close friends had other ideas on the subject. In the meantime Pat Nerney carries a torch for Anne during off-shore duty. When he's on-shore, guess who's phone Pat keeps dinging. What a far cry from Dawn O'Day who got her break in "Anne of Green Gables" and grew up to be Anne Shirley. Yet nothing has ever detracted from her sweetness.

SOMETIME ago the script of "America" was given to Spencer Tracy to read. According to the story, this pet that King Vidor had worked on for two years was turned down by Spence. Just what the reasons were or why, we wouldn't be knowing. So the studio borrowed Brian Donlevy for the part. Now, as they get ready to shoot it, the part turned down by Tracy appears to be one of the most important of the year. They say Spence would give anything to do it. But Brian has it sewed up, and darned good he'll be too.

THAT adorable little shamrock, Margaret O'Brien, is already a contender for an Academy Award. For her work in "Journey for Margaret," she was presented a silver loving cup by the Gaelic Athletic Association. She is the first child to win the cup and was named "The outstanding Irish actress of the year." Shure an' we're mighty proud of you, Maggie!

QUITE mysteriously a sign appeared out in front of the Paramount commissary. It read: "Bing Crosby will positively autograph every pound of horse-meat." Why should we put our neck out and say it was Bob Hope—just because we saw him buying a paint brush!

'TIS whispered that Fred MacMurray and Joan Crawford will be just as pleased, if they never make another picture together. To all evidence they got along beautifully. But someone on the inside reports that Joan resented Fred's exclusiveness and what looked like indifference to her and the part he was playing. On the other hand, our informant says that Fred, who is as real and regular as they come, wasn't too keen over Joan's constant group of admiring wardrobe girls, hairdressers and hangers-on. At any rate, if the story is true, both parties concerned were polite enough to keep silent at least while the picture was in production.

Judging by attention Roz Russell is getting from Janet Blair and Producer Harry Cohn, at dinner, it must be a good story.



Maureen O'Hara was lucky (and happy) to have her husband, Marine Will Price, with her to witness the Academy presentations.



The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to PVT. JOHN CARROLL

(Somewhere in Colorado)

from

Delight Evans

DEAR JOHN:

Hollywood must seem a long way off to you now, with your past career as the movies' number one bold, bad charmer just something you dreamed, those gay nights at Mocambo surrounded by the current crop of glamor girls having happened to some other fellow, now that Uncle Sam is keeping you busier in his Air Corps than Republic Pictures ever did even in "Flying Tigers."

But cheer up, we're still Carroll-conscious. Saw a preview of "Hit Parade of 1943" the other day, and there's still no one who can play a fascinating heel with the daredevil humor and charm that you can. Sat beside Susan Hayward, and we both enjoyed it: Susan especially enjoyed the scene where she slaps you, hard—remember? Of course you remember. You said at the time, "I've been hit hard before, but that kid really made me feel it." I'd heard the story of how you two fought all through the picture until the weary director finally said, "See here, you two. Let's have a peaceful lunch and talk it over quietly." Well, the story goes that you two looked at each other again, and fell in love. I never believed it; just publicity, I thought. But now I've changed my mind. That slap was no fake. Neither were the love scenes. Never a dull moment when Carroll meets Hayward.

Later I asked brown-eyed Susan how she liked the picture. "I like it very much, because for once I got my man."

(Please turn to page 82)

She who got spanked, and he who got slapped! John Carroll wasn't acting in this scene with Susan Hayward from Republic's super-duper musical, "Hit Parade of 1943." And Susan wasn't acting, either, when the script called for her to slap John. These two fought all the way through the picture, and then fell in love. With John now in the Air Corps, the happy ending hasn't been written—yet.



RECENT FILMS REVIEWED IN A FLASH!

STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM—*Paramount.* Super musical crammed with comedy and celebrities. Victor Moore as the gateman of Paramount Studio masquerading as the head of the film company to show sailor son Eddie Bracken and pals the sights. The studio is turned upside down by Betty Hutton and a big show put on by the greatest stars. Bob Hope as the master of ceremonies; stars include Crosby, Lamour, Goddard, Ladd, Lake, MacMurray. See it.

RANDOM HARVEST—*M-G-M.* James Hilton's great love story becomes a memorable motion picture. Greer Garson and Ronald Colman give splendid performances as the gallant actress and the shell-shocked soldier whom she befriends. Susan Peters, brilliant newcomer, gives an outstanding performance. This film ranks with "Goodbye Mr. Chips," in interest and importance.

FOREVER AND A DAY—*RKO-Radio.* Some of the fun of seeing this war charity film in which 78 prominent players contributed their services without pay will be derived from trying to pick out top stars in bit parts. It's an interesting tale, told in flashbacks, about an old house and its occupants for generations back by a modern *Trimble* (Ruth Warrick) to a *Pomfret* (Kent Smith) in its bombproof cellar during a raid. Anna Neagle, Ray Milland, Merle Oberon, Ida Lupino are in it.

AIR FORCE—*Warner Bros.* Exciting entertainment. An excellent fictional account of American history in the making. This is the story of the Flying Fortress, nicknamed the "Mary Ann" by her courageous crew. The heroic adventures of the "Mary Ann" after thrilling brushes with the Japs are stirringly set forth by a splendid cast including John Garfield, Harry Carey, Gig Young, John Ridgely. Magnificent photography.

THEY GOT ME COVERED—*Samuel Goldwyn-RKO.* A nitwit newshawk on the trail of Nazi saboteurs comically complicated by Bob Hope hilariously falling into a nest of spies and safely out again. Uproarious climax has the inimitable Hope rounding up the ring single-handed, and you rolling in the aisles. Bob, Dorothy Lamour as his long-suffering girl friend, Otto Preminger, Marion Martin, cute Phyllis Ruth are on their toes every minute.

THE AMAZING MRS. HOLLIDAY—*Universal.* For the first time in her brilliant career, Deanna Durbin has to cope with a poor story. She tries hard to overcome the obstacles of a hodge-podge script which presents her as a refugee from the war in China, a giddy masquerading matron, and finally as a lovelorn girl—but not even the Durbin voice and personality can make this anything but routine entertainment. Barry Fitzgerald and Edmond O'Brien appear in the cast.

ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON—*RKO-Radio.* You won't want to miss this! Ginger Rogers teamed for the first time with Cary Grant, and both give grand performances—Ginger as an American girl married to a Nazi baron, Cary as a newspaper man. Between them they expose the baron and further the cause of democracy, not to mention cupid. Has witty, original dialogue. Good entertainment.

CASABLANCA—*Warners.* With a front page title, an exciting spy plot, and excellent performances by a superlative cast—this is a "must." Humphrey Bogart plays a café proprietor in French Morocco who, under the guise of cold indifference, helps refugees to escape from the Nazis. It's fast, suspenseful stuff with Bogart at his best. Beautiful Ingrid Bergman is seen as the girl he loves. Claude Rains, Paul Henreid in cast.

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM—*RKO-Radio.* An inspiring tale of adventure and love in which Rosalind Russell plays *Tonie,* a girl flyer who deliberately vanishes in the Pacific so that searching parties may photograph Jap fortifications. The rôle was inspired by the life of Amelia Earhart. Fred MacMurray is fine as the dashing aviator who romances with Rosalind and Herbert Marshall is good as the "other man" in her life.

HITLER'S CHILDREN—*RKO-Radio.* Sensational drama based on the best-selling book, "Education for Death," exposing Nazi methods of "educating" the German youth to the ruthless ideology of their Fuehrer. It relates the cold-blooded conditioning of boys and girls and the brutal treatment of any who fight against the system. Bonita is poignant, persuasive as the heroine; Tim Holt, convincing as the Gestapo boy.

IN WHICH WE SERVE—*United Artists.* Magnificent war drama—produced, directed, written, starred in by Noel Coward—records the exploits of a British destroyer, *Torrin,* and her heroic crew in the historic battle off Crete. Tremendously moving, this is truly an inspired epic. Coward and fellow players are superb.

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—*Universal.* Alfred Hitchcock's gripping mystery drama is packed with shivers and full of suspense. A daughter of a typical American family idolizes her "visiting" *Uncle Charlie* until his strange behavior makes her suspicious. She discovers that the uncle for whom she was named is a murderer. Teresa Wright, fine as the horror-stricken girl; Joseph Cotten, splendid as the charming but terrifying *Uncle.*

SALUDOS AMIGOS (Hello Friends)—*Disney-RKO.* A travelogue-cartoon, filmed as part of our "good neighbor" policy, based on the South American tour made by Disney and his artists. Actual movies of the party's trip, combined with their impressions of natives, their songs, dances and fiestas, and the Latin American countries' vivid scenic splendor, plus amusing animated comedy sequences, make this novel cartoon entertaining and instructive.

THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD—*Artkino.* An impressive documentary film, showing with stark realism the heroic stand of our Russian allies, both soldiers and civilians. It's a dramatic screen record of superhuman courage and endurance and a great job of candid camera reporting of history in the making. Its stirring scenes are unforgettable.

COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN—*Columbia.* Stirring screen drama based on C. S. Forester's "The Commandos," depicting the plight of an invaded nation, with Paul Muni as the patriot who leads his people in revolt against the Nazis and, after escaping, returns to guide the British Commandos in a victorious raid which costs his life. Raids with actual trainees have authentic ring. Forceful war document. Skillful performance by Muni. Capable support by Anna Lee and Lillian Gish. Don't miss it.

CABIN IN THE SKY—*M-G-M.* An entertaining all-negro musical fantasy, based on the Broadway play. It has the many varieties of song, dance and comedy for which colored performers are well known and all players featured in it are at their best. The action takes place in "Rochester" Anderson's dream. While in a coma, he dreams of the struggles of the forces of good and evil for possession of his soul. Ethel Waters is flawless as wife *Petunia,* who wins *Joe* back from sultry *Georgia Brown* (Lena Horne).

JOURNEY FOR MARGARET—*M-G-M.* W. L. White's best-selling book about two young British blitz victims, has been fashioned into a fine, if weepy film. Robert Young gives his best performance as the sympathetic correspondent whose valiant efforts to bring the children, *Margaret* and *Peter* (Billy Severn), back to America with him provides scenes of powerful appeal, particularly little Margaret O'Brien's outbursts.

HAPPY GO LUCKY—*Paramount.* Gay spontaneous movie fun! It's one long, hearty laugh from the time Mary Martin and Betty Hutton arrive on a Caribbean isle and meet Dick Powell and Eddie Bracken. Mary's fortune hunt for Rudy Vallee and Betty's frank pursuit of reluctant Eddie lead to hilarious situations, accompanied by smart new songs, delightfully sung. The Hutton-Bracken team is sure-fire for explosive comedy. See this.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE—*United Artists.* A thrilling, exciting war picture which tells about the experiences of a British engineer (Clifford Evans) who goes on a dangerous mission to France before the Nazi invasion. Fine shows encounters with fifth columnists, bombings and pitiful scenes of French refugees trying to escape the enemy. Constance Cummings as an American girl and Tommy Trinder furnishes comedy as a British soldier.

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT—*20th Century-Fox.* Realistic war drama about the exploits of heroic soldiers lost in the Libyan desert. Henry Fonda is at his best as the Corporal who takes over command when the Sergeant (Thomas Mitchell) dies. The Sergeant's memory helps him in making important decisions and in encounters with the enemy. A man's picture, with a romantic story for the ladies told in flashbacks, showing Fonda reminiscing back to happier romantic days with Maureen O'Hara.

THE BLACK SWAN—*20th Century-Fox.* If you want sheer escapist film fare, here's your picture. Raphael Sabatini's swashbuckling yarn of piratical practices in the Spanish Main make a riproaring adventure movie with Tyrone Power in the lusty rôle of the daredevil captain. Maureen O'Hara is the gorgeous heroine.

TENNESSEE JOHNSON—*M-G-M.* An entertaining and instructive screen biography of Andrew Johnson, only U. S. President ever to face impeachment charges. Van Heflin forcefully portrays the Vice President who became President when Lincoln was assassinated, and who fought to carry out his predecessor's policies. Picture points out that unity must prevail now, as then. Highlights: impeachment trial and fights from Senate floor. Lionel Barrymore, Ruth Hussey in cast. For grown-ups.

THE POWERS GIRL—*United Artists.* Romantic musical glorifying long-stemmed American beauties of the John Powers model agency featuring Carole Landis, George Murphy, Anne Shirley, and Dennis Day, also a collection of Powers pretties. Miss Landis scores as the ambitious model; Day's melodious voice heard in his song numbers; but George Murphy over-acts as the photographer. Amusing Alan Mowbray plays the Powers part.

SILVER SKATES—*Monogram.* A musical on ice with entertainment for young and old. The financial problems of an ice show and the romances of its members, introducing spectacular skating sequences and solos by wizards of the blades: Belita, sensational star; her partner, Eugene Turner, champion figure skater; Frick and Frack, riotous comedians; and a graceful skating chorus. Kenny Baker, fine as band leader; Patricia Morison, good as show's producer and girl Kenny loves. Good tonic for tired nerves.

WHITE CARGO—*M-G-M.* Hedy Lamarr in her brief costume as *Tondeleyo,* little terror of the tropics, is chief attraction of this drama of white men disintegrating in the brutal climate and boredom. Hedy gives a sizzling performance as the halfbreed who drives her victims to distraction. Walter Pidgeon, good as the tough overseer who is immune to her charms. Hedy's dance alone is worth admission price. Richard Carlson, fine.

I MARRIED A WITCH—*Cinema Guild-U.A.* Triumph for Veronica Lake, this picturization of Thorne Smith's last novel is a rare treat for those who enjoy film fantasy. Veronica, as a lovely ghost, returns to haunt the 1942 incarnation of the man (Fredric March), who caused her to be burned at the stake in 1670. It's all fine, imaginative fun. See it by all means.

NOW, VOYAGER—*Warners.* Women will like this drama of suppressed desires, in which the inhibited daughter of a domineering mother fights for the freedom to live her own life. It is the best Bette Davis movie in a long time. Paul Henreid, as the lover, Claude Rains, as her doctor, and Gladys Cooper, tops in a fine cast.

FOR ME AND MY GAL—*M-G-M.* A sentimental filmusical about the old vaudeville days, with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, George Murphy as troupers touring the sticks with an eye on the Palace. Song-and-dance acts are well done. Old favorite tunes will bring back memories to oldtimers and thrill youngsters. Judy gives a knockout performance as the girl who gives up boy friend Gene (also a hit in his rôle) because he's unpatriotic. You must see this fine film.

LUCKY JORDAN—*Paramount.* Alan Ladd is featured in this exciting film about the regeneration of a gangster chief who deserts when he can't buy his way out of the Army and gets mixed up with Nazi agents. He hands them over to the FBI and returns to the Army when his dormant patriotism is aroused. Ladd gives a smooth, convincing performance. Helen Walker heads a fine supporting cast. Has suspense.

MRS. MINIVER—*M-G-M.* Jan Struther's book about the British wife and mother who could "take it" has been made into a great motion picture. It's a masterful message of courage and a fundamental lesson in fortitude. Greer Garson rises to heights in a poignant performance. Walter Pidgeon is splendid as the husband.

ROAD TO MOROCCO—*Paramount.* Bing and Bob are on the road again. This time it leads to Morocco where they meet Dorothy Lamour, a princess and [illegible]ainment.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT SHERIDAN-FLYNN "ROMANCE"

Exclusive! Photo scoop of Ann's visit to Mexico, and the frank answer to the romance rumors linking her with Errol Flynn

By Liza



Viva Mexico! In gay "China Pablana" costume for her visit to the bull-fight, Warner Bros. star Ann Sheridan is shown during her recent vacation south of the border. Ann's kidding name for herself is "China Pablana de Encino," Encino being her California home. Her latest picture, "Edge of Darkness," costars her with Errol Flynn.





Ann with Mexican friends, above left. Right above, with Mexican starlet Esther Fernandez, and Mario, master of ceremonies at El Patio night club. Bottom of page, Ann at bull-fight.

WHEN Ann Sheridan decided to divorce George Brent last winter she looked around for an accessible divorce town. Like all movie stars Ann didn't want to get too far away from home base—Hollywood. Besides there might be retakes on "Thank Your Lucky Stars." And there was no point in establishing a residence some place and after a week or so having your studio order you back to work. Then you'd have to start doing your time all over again.

Reno and Las Vegas, the two most popular spots with American divorce-seekers, require a six weeks' residence. "Six weeks," thought Ann, "brother, a lifetime!" That's the way it is with movie stars. They moan and groan and gripe about Hollywood (don't we all), but the minute you suggest that they take their pretty selves to some other part of the map they act as if they were being banished to the Siberian salt mines.

Then someone suggested Mexico to Ann. And Ann's ears perked up immediately. She has always loved anything and everything Mexican. Frijoles, chile con carne, pappas fritas. La Golandrina. The rhumba. "If it's Mexican," Ann always says, "I like it." Ever since she was Clara Lou Sheridan with pigtails in Dallas, Texas, she's wanted to see a real honest-to-goodness bull-fight. Mexico City requires six weeks' residence, she learned, but the town of Cuernavaca, ninety-four miles from the capital, required only fifteen days. "That's for me," thought Ann. "If I should happen not to like it I can get my divorce quickly and come home."

With Gwenn Woodford, her girl friend from Texas, Ann flew to Mexico City, and soon after established a two weeks' residence in Cuernavaca. She rented an attractive house, with only one unattractive feature: she never knew what kind of water was going to gush out of what faucet. One day she was washing her hair in the bowl in the bathroom, and turned on the cold water for the final rinse. Out of the cold water faucet came the fiery contents of the nearest (*Please turn to page* 85)







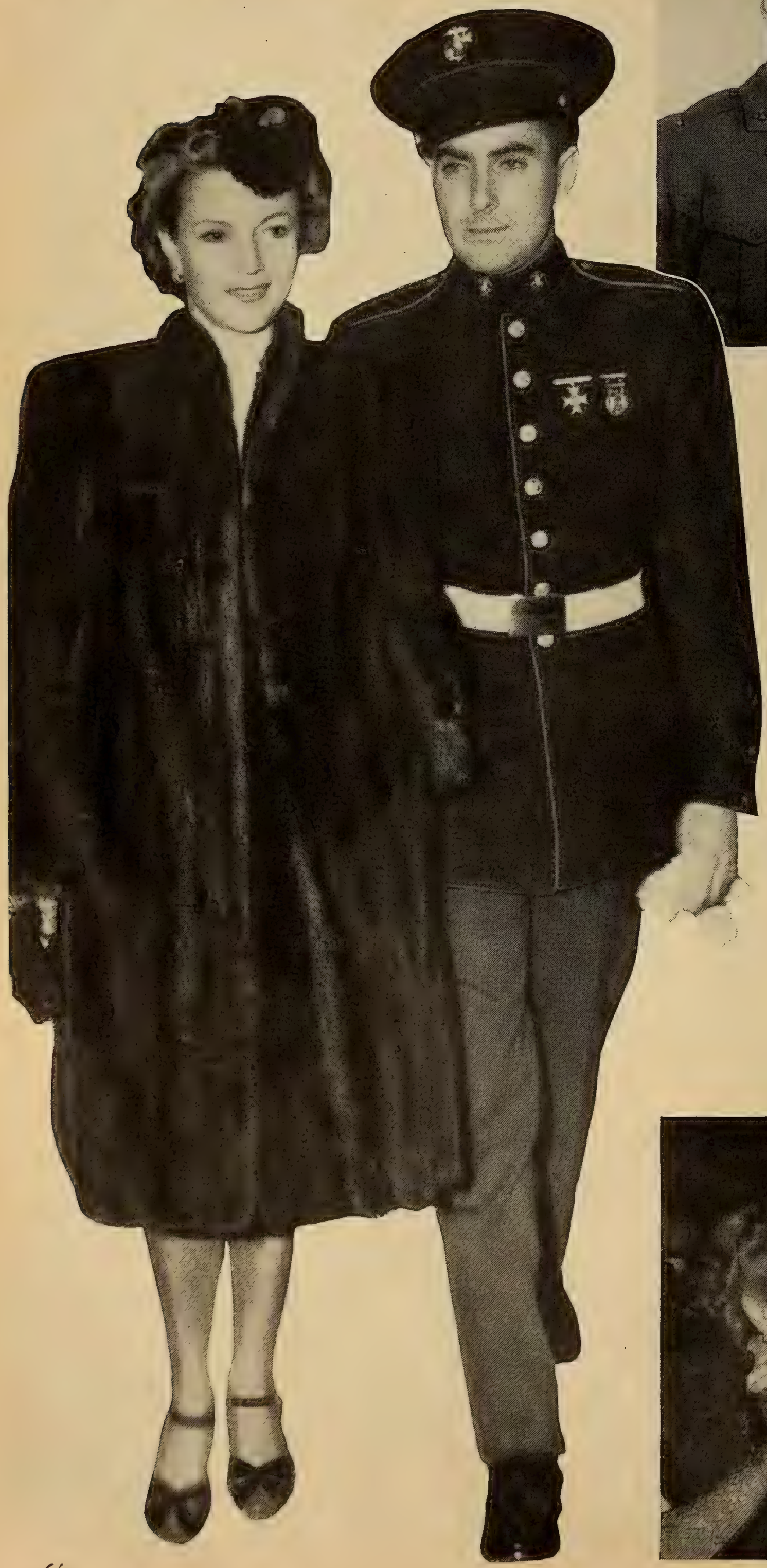
The sweater's place in war plants may be problematical, but there's no question that, in Hollywood, the sweater is an institution. On movie beauties Janis Carter, right; Evelyn Ankers, Jane Frazee and Marie MacDonald, left above; and Marguerite Chapman, right above, it's becoming!

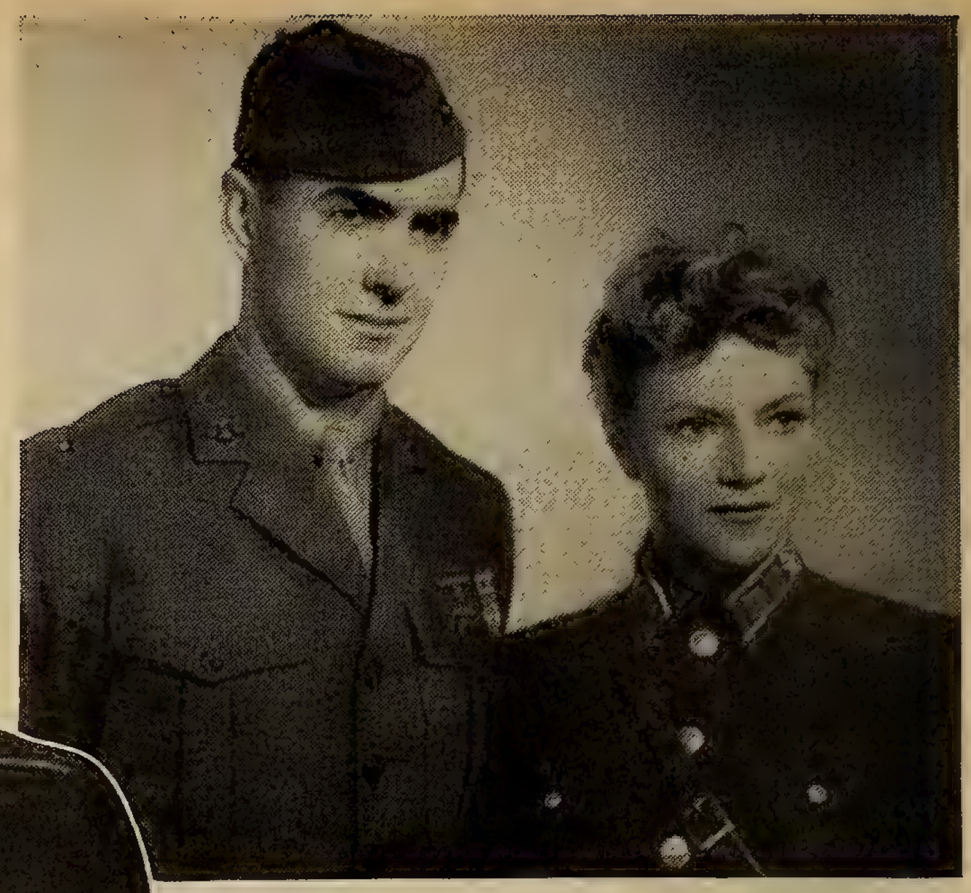
The sweater dispute started in a Bridgeport war plant where the management sent girls home because their sweaters were said to "slow down production," went on to Washington, was discussed in Hollywood, where Ann Sheridan offered to act as a "sweater mediator," but was rejected. Jane Russell and Elyse Knox laugh it off.

Who Says SWEATERS Must Go?

We say sweaters must stay— on shapely Hollywood girls!

MOVIE PARADE





Above, Private Tyrone Power of the Marines and his attractive wife, Annabella, in the uniform she wears in "Bomber's Moon," the 20th Century-Fox motion picture in which she makes her screen comeback. Left and below, Tyrone, very handsome in Marine dress uniform with Annabella at the Academy Award dinner. "Crash Dive" is Ty's last film for the duration.

A BREAK for Margo at long last! RKO-Radio are so excited over her work in "The Leopard Man," they immediately signed her to a three-picture deal. Margo wants to play an ill-fated Japanese girl, in a story they are thinking of filming. It will give her a wonderful chance to spread anti-Japanese propaganda. She's just the little lady who would like nothing better!

AN INTERVIEWER asked Dennis Morgan if he was planting anything useful in his Victory garden. It was a silly question (in these times) and deserved a silly answer. "Yes, I am," said Dennis. "I'm planting *shoe trees!*"

MARLENE DIETRICH was asked to present the T flag of the Treasury Department to employees of California Shipbuilding Corporation. Of course she was pleased, because the flag symbolizes the achievement of more than ninety percent of the employees having invested ten percent of their pay checks in war bonds. Marlene appeared at four in the morning for the "graveyard shift." She returned at noon and at eight o'clock again that same night. Let's give the little girl a hand.

(*Please turn to page 66*)





FROM COLLEGE TO WAR INDUSTRY —Phylis tests tensile strength of fabric for parachute bags, tents, summer uniforms for the armed forces. She is one of 6 college girls being trained in a big Textile Company, to replace young men called to the services.

Phylis Gray

Another charming Pond's engaged girl —daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Henry Gray of Great Neck, New York. Her engagement to Ensign Allen Hughes Jones of Chevy Chase, Md., now with the United States Coast Guard Reserve, was announced September 15th.



PHYLIS AND ALLEN ARE SAILING ENTHUSIASTS: Her blue-green eyes are changeable as the sea. Her soft-smooth Pond's complexion has a delicate, rose-fresh beauty.



HER RING is exquisite—a shining solitaire with 3 smaller diamonds deep set each side in the platinum band.

She's Engaged!

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!

"I GUESS girls all over the country are feeling extra grateful for Pond's these busy days," Phylis says. "A war job certainly doesn't leave you much time for fussy beauty care—so it means a lot to have a luscious, soft-smooth cream like Pond's to help keep your face bright and fresh, and soft-to-touch. It's the *grandest* cleansing and softening cream I know."

Here's how Phylis uses Pond's for soft-smooth cleansing!

She slips Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat and pats—gently, quickly, to help soften and release dirt and make-up. Then—tissues it off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's for extra cleansing and softening. Tissues off again. "It's a joy," Phylis says, "how made-over my face feels!"

Use Pond's as Phylis does—every night, for daytime clean-ups, too! You'll *love* it. And you'll soon see why war-busy society beauties like Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt are Pond's users—why more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream.

At beauty counters everywhere—all sizes popular in price. Ask for the larger sizes—you get even more for your money.



IT'S NO ACCIDENT SO MANY ENGAGED GIRLS USE POND'S!







Left, from top, Gracie Allen and George Burns with the Eddie Cantors at a recent première; Lieut. Van Heflin and his very attractive wife, the former Frances Neal, with Ronald Colman at the same film opening; and in group pictured below them, at party following the showing, are Nancy Coleman, Tonio Selwart and Dame May Whitty.

ANN SHERIDAN swore us to secrecy. But at least we can tell you that she has been receiving phone calls and letters from one of Hollywood's greatest stars, now in service. If this romance breaks, it will really be one that makes that rumored Sheridan-Flynn two-some look like warmed-over hash. Weston East promises to let you in on it soon as possible.

WHEN his Beverly Hills neighbors complained about his rooster's crowing, Ray Milland put on his thinking cap. The fine bird cost him $25.00. He sent all the way to Seattle for him. So Ray wasn't anxious to take a total loss. What to do? Why, sound-proof his chicken coop, of course! Ray did it himself and now everyone is happy.

NOW that K. T. Stevens has severed relations with David Selznick, look to see her in a future picture directed by her father, Sam Wood. So far, the promise K. T. held when she started out has failed to materialize. Lack of opportunity is partly the reason.

THE passing of Tully Marshall, grand old character man of one hundred and twenty five pictures, is a great loss to Hollywood. While making "Sergeant York," he asked Joan Leslie her age. "I'm just sixteen," Joan answered. "When you've made pictures for sixty more years, then you'll be my age," said Tully with a twinkle. "By that time you should be used to 'em!"

THE Cornel Wildes have named their little daughter Wendy Wilde. Pretty cute, huh? When Wendy was born, Cornel had planned on taking a room in the hospital to be close to his wife. But with ol' Doc Stork really working overtime in Hollywood, it was out of the question. So Cornel curled up on a bench in the lobby of the hospital. He slept there for two nights.

(*Please turn to page 68*)

Below, left, Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, attending one of the big premières of the season; and Jimmy Ritz stops to chat with Randolph Scott, who is dining with pretty Pat Stillman at Ciro's, below.





IF A GIRL ISN'T DAINTY, NO OTHER CHARM COUNTS. A DAILY **LUX SOAP** BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU **SURE!**

BETTY GRABLE

Star of 20th Century-Fox's
"CONEY ISLAND"



SCREEN STARS ARE RIGHT—THIS CREAMY **ACTIVE** LATHER DOES THE TRICK! LEAVES SKIN DELICATELY PERFUMED, TOO



BETTY GRABLE, like so many other Hollywood stars, uses her complexion soap as a bath soap, too. Lux Soap's ACTIVE lather is so rich, so creamy, swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves skin soft, smooth, delicately perfumed with a fragrance you'll love!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—*it leaves skin* **SWEET!**



The Ronald Colmans, above, at the festivities following a Hollywood screening; the Gary Coopers, below, arriving for the première.



Jerry Colonna beams as the lovely singers, Dinah Shore and Harriet Hilliard, snuggle up to him at one of the recent benefit performances.



FOR the sixth time, Una Merkel plays Charlie Butterworth's wife in "This Is The Army." Una's husband, Ronnie Burla, holds down a very important position as assistant to the president of North American. Una was in a reflective mood. "You know something," she sighed whimsically, "Ronnie is away so much of the time, Charlie really seems much more like my husband!"

WAIT until you see the new gown that Alexis Smith will model for the Treasury Department. It's made entirely of Victory Stamps. Seeing it on Alexis should certainly boost the sales!

AS A RULE when one star monopolizes the spotlight at a dinner party, other stars burn to a crisp. But ever since Kay Francis returned from her European tour, she has been the welcome lady of the evening. Kay never tires of telling of her experiences. At Mary Pickford's recently, she kept the guests spellbound for hours. Kay's already planning a return trip. Sweater girls please apply.

MOST unusual and interesting is Jeanette MacDonald's new ring. It looks a bit like the old-fashioned gold signet ring. However, the top is actually a knife-edge lid. It lifts up and underneath is framed a tiny picture of Captain Gene Raymond, now overseas.

(*Please turn to page 70*)

Paul Henreid attending one of the important social events of the movie capital with his wife, Lisl.



Jeanette MacDonald, whose hubby, Capt. Gene Raymond, is overseas, invited a serviceman from each armed force branch to a theater party.





Would you turn your back on a wounded Soldier ?

You think you wouldn't...you don't mean to...

But unless you are giving every precious minute of your time...every ounce of strength that you can spare...towards helping win this war as a civilian, you are letting down those soldiers who are sacrificing lives to win it for you.

What you are asked to give up isn't much compared with what they're giving up. The extra work you undertake is small compared with the gigantic effort they are making. But to a wounded soldier, what you do can mean the difference between life and death.

You make the choice.

LOOK AROUND YOU! *Pick your war activity—and get into it! In your local Citizens Service Corps or Defense Council there is something for every man, woman and child to do. If no such groups exist in your community, help to organize them. Write to this magazine for free booklet, "You and the War," telling what you can do to help defeat the Axis. Find your job—and give it all you've got!*

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

INGRID BERGMAN doesn't mind reporters on the set. She doesn't even mind visitors too much. But when she's asked to pose with visitors, that's another story. It proved a bit embarrassing on the "Saratoga Trunk" set. The visitors happened to be very important representatives of another continent. The studio was trying to promote good will. Bergman's will was good. Also strong. She wouldn't pose.

IN "I DOOD IT" Eleanor Powell has to plant a terrific smacker on Red Skelton, who wears an amazing "muff" as a Civil War general. Eleanor now refers to Red as "the poor man's Monty Woolley."

LIKE Garbo, Lana Turner wants to be alone. So she and her mother are living quietly on the desert. Lana has her hair dyed back to that original shade of red, which doesn't exactly keep her from being recognized. But it makes her look like the old Lana, who was discovered at a drug store counter sipping a soda. With all that's happened to her, wonder if Lana ever wishes she was back to that girl again?

JOE E. BROWN certainly had a surprise waiting for him, when he returned from entertaining American troops somewhere in the South Pacific. They tried their best to reach him to let him know he was a grandpappy. Joe cabled too but their messages always crossed. It's a little girl, born to Corp. and Mrs. Joe L. Brown. If you think big Joe had a wide grin before, you should see him now.

FIRST it was the pompadour hair-do that Hollywood revived. Then bustles. Recently Irene Dunne dragged out an old set of steel cut shoe buckles. The style has swept the town. Rosalind Russell threatens to wear one of those old-fashioned jewelled dog collars. If she does, you can rest assured that everyone else will wear one too. What, no corsets?

POOR Keenan Wynn (son of Ed Wynn) is really bewildered. Director Gregory Ratoff decided to supervise the Russian accent he wanted Keenan to use for his rôle in "Russia." All of which would have been just dandy—only Keenan wound up sounding more like Ratoff than Ratoff sounds like himself! They finally had to call in an "interpreter."





Portrait of Anne Lee, above; and, left, in a scene with co-star Brian Donlevy from the new film story about the underground activities of Czech patriots, fighting against Nazi tyranny.

WILLIAM BENDIX, the new Paramount actor, hasn't even been able to buy a second hand stove since he came to Hollywood. Finally, he found a toy stove in a local department store. It works by electricity and is big enough to cook one egg. So what does Bill cook on it? So he cooks an egg!

HELMUT DANTINE, the Nazi of "Mrs. Miniver" and "Edge of Darkness," only wanted to be a stage actor. He couldn't get a break. His wife, Gwen Anderson, only wanted to be in the movies. She got the lead in the Broadway production of "Janie." The same day that Katharine Cornell wired and asked to have Helmut in "The Sisters," Gwen got a wire offering her a contract in Hollywood! Being very much in love, Helmut *isn't* going to New York and Gwen *is* heading for home. Love is still greater than ambition, which is the way it should be.

SEEN at Romanoff's: Ty Power on leave, dining with Annabella. Their dinner got cold, they were so busy holding hands and looking into each other's eyes.

IN "NEVER A DULL MOMENT" one of the Ritz brothers does a scene with a three-inch-thick New York cut steak. Turning directly to the camera, he points to the steak and says to the audience, "Don't get excited, folks—it's only a prop." Just thought we'd tip you off and save your blood pressure.

FOLLOWING is something to be added to your vocabulary. It's Army slanguage, created by the soldiers of "This Is The Army." Eagle spread, pay day . . . Shady nook, the drill field . . . Honey wagon, a garbage truck . . . paper soldier, office clerk . . . Gabriel, the bugler . . . G man, a soldier who is on garbage detail . . . Butcher, the barber . . . Chow hound, a big eater . . . Shoulder pads, griddle cakes . . . Fire trap, moustache . . . File 13, the waste basket . . . Snow White, a nurse . . . Superman drawers, woolen underwear . . . Armored cow, canned milk . . . Bubble dancing, dish washing . . . Scamper, juice-gin.

THE engagement ring Susan Peters got from Richard Quine is the pride of her life. It's a square gold frame frosted with diamonds. Set in the sunken center is a single emerald which reflects against the gold background and casts the shadow of a cross. On Susie's third finger, left hand, it's mighty becoming.

Don't forget your Dura-Gloss . . .



you're having your picture taken, to send to him — if so, don't forget Dura-Gloss — you want your fingers to look beautiful! And whatever you're oing these days, Dura-Gloss on your fingers will help you do it better. Its rilliance and sparkle makes you look your best, makes you feel better. Every girl who ses Dura-Gloss, says she gets a lift from it. It stays on your nails better, too, ecause of its special ingredient, Chrystallyne. It's at all cosmetic counters, 10¢.



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unded by E.T. Reynolds

DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

Why The Mickey Rooneys Fell Out Of Love

Continued from page 37

to a girl before he slipped the emerald-cut diamond on Ava's third finger, left hand. Marriage was no transient ceremony. He meant it "only forever," through thick or thin. Mickey was determined to keep it that way.

That Sunday night Mickey was standing at the end of a long line waiting to buy a ticket in front of a movie house on Hollywood Boulevard. In the dim-out I caught his slightly forlorn, wistful expression. I was surprised to see him alone—a rather old hat pulled down low on his head.

"Hello, honey," he said in characteristic greeting, a cheerful grin lighting his face —which might have fooled me had I not seen him first, off-guard.

"Where's Ava?" I asked.

"Well," Mickey fumbled quickly for words—"she had a committee meeting tonight."

There'd been the usual Hollywood rumors that beset all newlyweds. But the happiest couples have misunderstandings in adjusting themselves the first few weeks of marriage. True love never runs smoothly. Most of Mickey's friends disregarded the rumors, for Mickey was all-out proud of Mrs. Rooney. So happy with their apartment. So elated in telling everyone about her cooking ability. Every day Mickey drove home for lunch. He seemed devoted. Besides, there has never been such a word as "failure" in Mickey's vocabulary. It is understandable that he would try to make his marriage a masterpiece.

"Everything's great," Mickey said. "There's no truth in those rumors. We don't listen to 'em. I got the best little wife a man ever had," he ended bravely on a cheerful note.

Had Mickey turned on the radio a half hour later he would have heard the startling news that Ava was going to file suit for divorce. When he did hear the news, Mickey was stunned. He telephoned Ava. Surely she didn't mean it? You don't break up anything so sacred as marriage just over little misunderstandings? "Remember," Mickey said, "we didn't elope. We had our marriage in the church, and for keeps."

Ava filed suit for divorce stipulating the conventional "extreme cruelty." But to her closest friends, Ava could say nothing but the best about Mickey. And Mickey who lives religiously by the gentleman's code of honor, where a lady's name is concerned, said nothing. But he went about with a bewildered air. Here was a problem he couldn't quite handle, couldn't cope with.

Mickey moved to his mother's ranch. Ava left to visit her mother in North Carolina. Mickey certainly sat down and took stock of himself. Where had he failed? Perhaps he hadn't been romantic enough. After all, he isn't the Bob Taylor type. But he always sent Ava flowers—and boxes of candy and new perfumes—after they were married. He loved to take her shopping and buy her lovely clothes. Mickey may be a top-salaried star, but from the beginning his personal allowance has been geared comparatively low. There's been no lavish spending, no extravagance. They lived on a rather modest budget—but then so do most young couples. Where had he failed?

Mickey is accustomed to rising early for a round of golf in the morning. But Ava came before golf pals. "You can't be a golf widow, 'Ave'"—his pet name for her. "You come out with me. I'll show you how."

For weeks he'd painstakingly taught Ava the rudiments of golf. And because Mickey is never satisfied with less than perfection, he hired a pro. When Ava's golf got down to the 90's Mickey beamed. At tennis it was the same.

True, perhaps he should have encouraged Ava to continue her movie career, which had just begun when they married. But Ava herself said she wanted to be just a wife and be with Mickey.

Mulling it over in his mind Mickey pictured Ava as he first saw her. Tall and willowy and graceful, with long red hair and green eyes, and the cream and peaches complexion of a Southern belle. She had been walking down the studio street. "Gosh," Mickey had gulped. "A dream walking. Who is that stunner?" He'd been introduced. "May I call you sometime? Maybe I could show you about Hollywood. Be a sort of guide," Mickey had offered.

Only four days in Hollywood and to have a date with Mickey Rooney was almost unbelievable, Ava told me. "He was so gentlemanly. There's nothing of the little boy attitude in Mickey. You never think of his height—that he's shorter. It was so exciting going out with him. Everywhere people stopping us to shake hands with him. People asking: 'Who's the girl with Mickey?' Photographers taking our pictures—imagine sharing the spotlight with one of the biggest stars in Hollywood!" Ava fairly bubbled. And what girl wouldn't!

Ava had gone to visit her sister Beatrice in New York after completing high school in Wilson, North Carolina. Her brother-in-law, a photographer, took some pictures of her and sent them to the M-G-M office in New York. Ava's photographs sold Ava to Metro. She was signed to a contract and sent to Hollywood.

Sister Beatrice gave up her job in New York to chaperone her baby sister, who was the pride of the Gardner family of older brothers and sisters. Ava was their doll—to be petted, humored, cajoled. She was more beautiful than most girls have a right to be. All of her life she'd been the prettiest girl in her family, in her home town circle. "She's as pretty as Lana Turner. She'll be a star in no time at all," everyone said.

But Ava met Mickey that very first day in Hollywood. Two days later they had their first date—bowling. Ava had dressed for Mocambo's. She visualized the smart night club with Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer and the most sparkling glamor names of Hollywood rubbing elbows on the dance floor. But Mickey has never been a night club habitué. Sensing her disappointment Mickey said, "Come on, sugar. Tomorrow night I'll take you to Mocambo's." And the next night he sent Ava a corsage such as she'd never seen except in a florist's advertisement—and they went to Mocambo's.

I glimpsed them from a wall table. Mickey was more than attentive. Linda Darnell, whose name had been romantically linked with Mickey's, danced by. Mickey proudly rose and introduced Linda and her escort, Alan Gordon, to Ava. Lana Turner stopped by their table. So did Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. Then Spencer Tracy, who was making one of his rare night club visits. Surrounded by the celebrities of the movie world, small wonder Ava pinched herself to be sure she wasn't Alice in Wonderland.

Mickey took Ava out to meet "Mom." And Mom gave Ava as genuine a welcome as a girl ever received. "Mickey's told me so much about you," Mom said.

Then Mickey called his father and introduced Ava on the telephone. She called her mother in North Carolina and Mickey talked via long-distance. Everyone beamed. Everyone seemed happy about the youngsters.

"Gee, to think I'd get such a beautiful girl," Mickey would say—plainly doing a bit of hero-worshipping at the shrine of beauty's feet.

Mickey has a host of friends. Friends who admire him for his endless talent, for his engaging personality. Soon Ava was in the thick of Hollywood's younger social set. Parties at Judy Garland's. Sunday afternoons around a pool. Jam sessions at Mickey's ranch. Tennis and golf. Driving all over the beautiful southland. Attending sneak previews and being besieged by fans. Her pictures in the newspapers and magazines with Mickey. For six months the two went together. Mickey was certain that his love was the real thing. Ava thought hers was. So they were married—in a simple ceremony in the Community Church at Ballard, California. They honeymooned at Del Monte. A few weeks later they went to Washington, D. C., for the President's Birthday Ball—then home to North Carolina to meet Ava's folks.

Back in Hollywood, they moved into a beautiful little apartment in West Los Angeles. "Close to M-G-M so Mickey could come home for lunch," Ava said. "He didn't want me to be lonesome.

"We talked it over and decided that one career in a family is enough. Mickey wanted an old-fashioned kind of wife who loves her home, who is always there to be with him—without any outside distractions or interferences."

So Ava learned to cook. "I made some beautiful cakes and biscuits! I fried chicken —and Mickey'd bring home people to eat. It was really wonderful at first. At least Mickey was very enthused. I did my own housework—so I kept busy."

But love's young dream was lacking for Ava's romantic imagination—for eight months later she told me: "Mickey is a regular dynamo of energy. He rises around 6 every morning to play golf. He plays tennis. He goes bowling. I just couldn't get interested in so many sports. I'm not the athletic type. Mickey is always on the go. He writes music. He writes plays. He and Sidney Miller produce little theater plays.

"Mickey is not explosive—nor did we have quarrels as people have reported. It was just that his interests were so different from mine. That we just didn't have a great deal in common.

"True, we had misunderstandings. Mickey is assertive. He believes that a man is definitely the head of a family. He asked me to call him 'Chief.' I'd been used to having my own way.

"Mickey certainly knew how to be a model husband. But I guess I'm what you might call a career girl. I have a chance to make good in pictures. And I want to work hard and be someone too."

After their reconciliation, which came about when Mickey called Ava long distance every night during her visit to North Carolina, Mickey took Ava on a shopping spree. He bought her a fur coat. He helped her choose many beautiful gowns. Tommy Dorsey and Mickey's gang threw a party. It looked as though the Rooneys' marital problems were over.

Mickey took Ava house-shopping. They moved into a lovely little six-room house in Cold Stone Canyon, quite close to Judy Garland's. Mickey hired Hennie, a marvelous housekeeper, a Norwegian, through some friends. And the future looked rosy.

But now Ava had more time on her hands than she knew what to do with. Mickey

How MUCH* are YOU smoking?

*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

WHETHER *you* are smoking *more*—or smoking *less*—note this:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!

That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

NOTE we do not claim curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence *clearly proves* them *less irritating* to the nose and throat.



And do they taste GOOD!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS *America's FINEST Cigarette*

made "The Human Comedy," and immediately after that went into "Girl Crazy" with Judy Garland. Ava interested herself in a variety of activities. But she was restless, more ambitious.

At Marion Davies' afternoon garden party for war relief, Ava came alone. Mickey was working at the studio. At five o'clock he surprised Ava. "Had an hour off for dinner so I ran over, honey," I heard him say. Mickey could only stay about fifteen minutes, in order to make it back to M-G-M in time. Immediately people clustered around for autographs. And Ava, beautiful and lovely, suddenly became the center of interest along with Mickey. And that's highly contagious for a beautiful girl.

"One night I told Mickey that I had retired from the screen before I even started," Ava told me. "We had a long talk. I was unhappy doing nothing. We couldn't make our life seem to fit. Mickey said if I wanted a career it was all right with him. He didn't object.

"I called the studio and went back to report for two small parts. A couple of lines in one picture as a car hop. A switchboard operator in another. I began taking dramatic lessons."

It was then that Ava's sister Beatrice returned to Hollywood. She had had great hopes and plans for Ava's future as a screen star. She now furthered these ambitions in Ava.

Perhaps Mickey no longer felt the head of his household—with the addition of relatives. True, most newlyweds should be left alone to iron out their own difficulties without outside interference. Be that as it may, I observed Mickey and Ava at the Palladium one night with Tommy Dorsey and Pat Dane. There was a heated argument. Ava rose and left. Mickey followed. A few days later the Rooneys announced in a joint statement that they regretted that their marriage was over.

Ava still lives in the beautiful little house Mickey provided in Cold Stone Canyon. She's played her first important movie rôle in Monogram's picture, "Ghosts in the Night," with the East Side Kids. While she has only nice things to say about him she told me, "This time it is definitely over. Mickey and I are not seeing each other any more. We had nothing in common. I just wasn't happy!"

Mickey has been labeled an extrovert, due to his uncanny ability, his genius—you might call it—to excel in any endeavor that interests him. But actually Mickey is not the show-off he's been pictured.

One night recently I was invited to a party. It was to be a jam session with a group of musicians and artists. When I arrived Mickey was seated playing the piano—and good! Sidney Miller was playing a horn. Several other instruments jived in for harmony. Someone said unceremoniously, "C'mon, Mickey, you've been playing long enough. Let Joe play for a while."

Mickey got up from the piano bench and came over and sat down by me on the steps leading into the living room—since all of the chairs were occupied. Someone brought out a silver platter and a spoon. "Come here, Mick—give this a beating," they said. Obligingly Mickey took the platter and really amazed everyone with the clever rhythm he tapped out on that platter.

Later I noticed him sitting alone in a big arm chair. Here was one of the biggest box-office stars on the screen, sitting quietly in the background—listening. He neither demanded attention nor sought it. A little later I smiled. For Mickey had dozed off to sleep. About eleven o'clock he woke up. Said goodnight—shaking hands all around—saying he had an early golf date in the morning, and departed.

At present Mickey is living at home with Mom on their five-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley. His step-father was recently drafted. Mickey, 21, was deferred because of a physical defect. At any rate, being barely five feet tall, Mickey might do more good in pictures than in the Army.

You see Mickey at the fights, at the movies. Usually with his father, Joe Yule, or his pals Les Petersen or Sidney Miller. But noticeably stag.

While Mickey keeps his own council regarding his marital woes he hasn't lost his sense of humor. Clarence Brown, director of Saroyan's "The Human Comedy," in which life evolves through the eyes of a messenger boy played by Mickey, told me an incident amusingly and typically Rooney.

"Butch" Jenkins, age four, juvenile hit of the season, protested wearing a long old-fashioned night gown in a sequence with Mickey. "I was having trouble with the kid," said Mr. Brown, "when Mickey came over.

"'Butch, do you know why I wear this night gown too?' Mickey asked. Butch shook his head negatively.

"'Because General MacArthur wears one!'" Butch was convinced.

There's probably one reason the Mickey Rooneys fell out of love. It was unfortunately a one-sided love in the beginning. You can't blame pretty little Ava for being swept off her feet by the attention of *Andy Hardy, Young Tom Edison*—Hollywood's Mickey Rooney. But it takes a strong enduring love to build a solid foundation for marriage—and in Mickey's case, there was only half enough!

WHOEVER seated the press at the Academy Award banquet used pretty bad judgment. The tables were so far back, reporters had to wait until the stars went to the little boys' and girls' rooms to see who was there! The speeches went on forever. Greer Garson, the winner, who said she was "practically unprepared," had no trouble finding words. Jimmy Cagney, accepting his "Oscar," was natural, sincere, brief. Teresa Wright's gasp when her name was called, was by far the most sincere "act" of the evening. Van Heflin thanked the Army for letting him off for the evening, the Theatre Guild for his dramatic training and Mr. "Metro" Mayer for giving him a job. The camera boys did *not* have to beg Joan Fontaine (last year's winner) to be in the pictures with Greer. Bob Hope, as master of ceremonies, was really the great star of the evening. Our personal "Oscar" goes to him.

EVIDENTLY Nancy Coleman agrees with Priscilla Lane that Victorville has its attractions. Every week-end Nancy heads for the great open spaces. It may be the fresh air and the peace and quiet of the desert that appeals to Nancy. But she spends a great deal of time with Bob Abbott, who owns a four hundred acre ranch there. Bob is tall, blond, and a rich Bostonian. We're asking you, is that bad?

IT TOOK the Academy Award banquet to bring Olivia de Haviland and Captain John Huston out in the open where the camera boys could get at 'em. And get at 'em they did! The flashing bulbs left Livvy seeing more stars than there were in attendance.

EVERYONE in Hollywood is talking about Henry Robert (Bob) Montgomery. From lieutenant senior grade he has advanced to lieutenant commander. They say that Bob's hair is now heavily greyed, his face lined, his manner much more serious than the carefree Bob Hollywood used to know. Heavy active service is the cause of it.

YOU won't be seeing Teresa Wright on the screen very much longer. She's expecting the stork. Her health hasn't been too good, so Teresa is taking time out while waiting to play her greatest role.



Romancers John Loder and Hedy Lamarr seem to be in a little world all their own as they dance at one of the popular night spots, at right. Below, Mary Pickford at Mocambo, with Commander John Ford, the Hollywood director who is now famous for his "Battle of Midway" film; and Georgia Carroll, Kay Kyser and Lucille Ball with hubby Desi Arnaz. Kay, who has given so much of his time to entertaining at Army camps, is going into the service.









Frank Morgan congratulates Arthur Lake on the birth of his baby son and the proud papa offers him a cigar, above; right, Jinx Falkenburg, Frances Langford, Kay Kyser and Olivia de Havilland looking over the script for a "Command Performance" to our boys overseas.

HEDY LAMARR'S suit against M-G-M will probably be settled long before you read this. The studio is already sending her scripts to read. Hedy certainly has taken a beating from the headlines. Unfairly too, because her side of it has never been printed. Right from the start Hedy has steadfastly insisted that salary has nothing to do with her suit. She wants good parts, carefully selected parts that are suitable to her talents. Hedy is wise enough to know that even a personality as glamorous as her own can't possibly survive, if she isn't allowed to back it up. We think she's got something there.

"DAGWOOD" in the comics had nothing on "Dagwood" of the movies (and we do mean Arthur Lake) when his eight and a half pound son was born. Arthur's cute sister, Florence Lake, had to administer smelling salts at five minute intervals. "I'm a mother at last," sighed Arthur, then wondered what he had said that sounded so funny to everyone. The baby has been christened Arthur Patrick.

STUDIO executives are still trying to catch their breaths. Jack Carson, who made such a terrific hit in "The Hard Way," threatened to go on strike. They sent for Jack, expecting him to make a scene. Instead, Jack very quietly told them he was making enough money and wasn't a bit interested in a raise. But he did feel he had earned the right to better parts and from now on he expected them. P.S. See him as the tippling butler in "The Animal Kingdom" and you'll know he was right.

WHEN Private William Holden became Lieutenant William Holden, he presented Brenda Marshall with a set of miniature gold bars. She wears one on each shoulder. On a plain black dress it makes a stunning effect.



TERESA WRIGHT, *Samuel Goldwyn star, and* JOSEPH COTTON, *both starring in* "SHADOW OF A DOUBT," *a Universal Production.*

No "shadow of a doubt" about it: Pepsi-Cola goes over big with the big-time stars same as it does in millions of homes from coast to coast. Wherever you are, whenever you're thirsty, open up a Pepsi-Cola for swell, swell drinking!

Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, New York. Bottled locally by Franchised Bottlers from coast to coast.







The "Boops-a-Daisy" is given new verve by "glamor gal" Stan Laurel and "Beau" Oliver Hardy in 20th Century-Fox's new picture, "Jitterbugs." Reading across top of pages: they "shake a leg"; Hardy twirls his partner; the jitterbugs' version of "bean porridge hot"; and the last may be the "boops."

Will Alice Faye Leave The Screen?

Continued from page 35

complete happiness, career would take a back seat. Besides, Alice has been about the only one who never felt that her contribution to the screen was important and noteworthy.

"Before you ask me if motherhood has changed my talent any and made me a better actress," Alice said, reading my thoughts and my next question, "let me state that I have never considered myself much of an actress at any time. Maybe I'll have more depth now—I don't know. But the nearest I ever came—or ever will come—to an Academy Award was the time when Joan Fontaine had my dressing room during her work on 'This Above All.' As for motherhood making a woman a greater artist, I can only say that Bette Davis has nothing to worry about," Alice added laughingly.

This is typical of Alice. Before, she was acutely conscious of any shortcomings she might have had. She tried hard to improve. But now—she looks at herself objectively. She smiles at any talk of great acting. In short, she is more modest than ever, and her modesty is more sincere than it ever has been.

Despite her lack of concern about her career, however, the cast and director of "Hello, Frisco, Hello" are voicing their enthusiasm for her work in the film in no uncertain terms. John Payne said that Alice is better than ever. Jack Oakie claims that she has never been as impressive. And June Havoc has said that Alice, in this picture, is not only a new personality but also a star with depth and real emotion.

"To be perfectly honest," Alice went on, "I didn't miss my work at all while I was absent from the screen. I never even thought about it. Then, when I actually began work, there were several days when I just didn't want to go to the studio at all. I wanted to stay home and tend to the house and be with the baby.

"I think my working conditions would have been better if my home hadn't been so upset. But a short time after I went back to the studio, Phil entered the Merchant Marine, where he now has much to do with entertainment for the men. I didn't want him to leave, but he felt that it was the least he could do and he was determined to take advantage of the opportunity. Even though he is thirty-eight and in spite of the new manpower ruling, he intends to remain in the service.

"While he is away, it isn't pleasant to come home. Of course, the baby is there, but she is always asleep. I hardly ever saw her during the picture, for she was asleep when I left and asleep when I got home. I admit I am lonesome. But whenever I begin to feel sorry for myself, I stop and think about other women in this country who are far, far worse off than myself. Then I realize how lucky I am and how unimportant my difficulties are. But I think every woman will know what I mean when I say the house is filled with emptiness.

"Yet, my every waking moment is centered on my home. When I came to the studio, I thought of all the things that I had to leave undone at the house. I have let all of the help go, except for the nurse, and I have practically closed up part of the home. So it has been a case of being able to find so much to do at home that my work very definitely suffers in comparison.

"Now that I realize how vitally important it is for any woman to have a family

America's latest "dancing sweethearts" go on with the dance at bottom of these pages. First, Ollie gets set to "send" Stan aloft; success—Stan "hits the ceiling"; (sorry, we can't tell how it's done—it's a production secret); the last photo shows Stan coming "down to earth" with Oliver quite relieved.







and to want to be the one around whom it revolves, I am glad that I didn't place too much emphasis on my career. If I had built my whole life around my work, I not only would have presented myself with many problems and obstacles, but I would never have been able to get the complete thrill that I do out of being a wife and a mother. And I can't tell you how much of a thrill that new job has given me! It is something that is so wonderful it is almost incomprehensible. It has brought me completeness and sufficiency. It is a final answer to all I had expected of life."

You may assume from this that Alice is very much the mother. She is. To an observer, her daughter has changed her greatly.

"Perhaps I can't say that I know yet how much my daughter has changed me," Alice continued, "but I do know that she has made things that used to seem important now seem very unimportant.

"For example, before, I was always sensitive. If I thought anyone was annoyed with me, I had to find out why. Innocent remarks hurt me. I was interested only in pleasing everyone. I worried about what was said and thought about me. Now I no longer care. My mind is too occupied with important things to allow me to worry about inconsequentials. Not that I intend to go out and be rude and inconsiderate—definitely not! I still want to be liked. But I'm not going to become upset by anything that is obviously unreasonable and sense-



"Like he said... Gee, Monkey-face, you're the first welder whose hands I've ever kissed!"



GREASY grime left my hands rough as sandpaper. Just *wouldn't* wash off! Then I got wise to Hinds Honey and Almond Cream...yep, started using it *before and after* work. Say, Hinds helps against drying, ground-in dirt. Now my hands wash up soft and happy...whiter-looking than I'd ever hoped!

Smooth? You bet! I use **Hinds**—that **Honey** of a lotion!

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BEFORE WORK—housework or factory work—use Hinds. Tests prove grease and grime wash off faster, hands come out cleaner. Hinds skin softeners actually help guard your skin against drying, ground-in dirt.

AFTER WORK—Hinds again! Extra-creamy, extra-softening. Gives red, chapped skin a softer, whiter look, a comfy feel. It *benefits* skin abused by work or weather.

AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

ALSO, HINDS HAND CREAM IN JARS. QUICK-SOFTENING, TOO! 10¢, 39¢.



WORK SLOWED UP *by sore hands?*

Irritation from ground-in grime makes hands unsightly, uncomfortable...makes work difficult and slow. Use Hinds before work, and after wash-ups, to reduce risk of irritation which may lead to ugly dermatitis, if neglected.

Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps

HINDS *for* HANDS

and wherever skin needs softening!



FOR YEARS, I used to dose myself with a terrible-tasting medicine whenever I needed a laxative. And *what* that stuff did to me! I'd feel the effects for a whole day afterwards. It was just *too strong!*

THEN I TRIED another laxative which I thought would be easier on me. But, instead of giving relief, it only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before. It was just *too mild!*





I WAS A "DUMB BUNNY" for not having discovered Ex-Lax sooner! How *pleasant* it is to take! You eat a little tablet that tastes just like chocolate — and that's all there is to it! Ex-Lax works so well, too. It's not too strong, not too mild... *it's just right!*

Ex-Lax is effective — but effective in a *gentle* way! It won't upset you—won't make you feel bad afterwards. No wonder Ex-Lax is called:

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

—it's not too strong!

—it's not too mild!

—it's just right!

As a precaution, use only as directed.

EX-LAX

10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores

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Give Your Feet An Ice-Mint Treat

Get Happy, Cooling Relief For Burning Callouses—Put Spring In Your Step

Don't groan about tired, burning feet. Don't moan about callouses. Get busy and give them an Ice-Mint treat. Feel the comforting, soothing coolness of Ice-Mint driving out fiery burning . . . aching tiredness. Rub Ice-Mint over those ugly hard old corns and callouses, as directed. See how white, cream-like Ice-Mint helps soften them up. Get foot happy today the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

less. In this day and age, where everyone's life is so filled with problems, trivialities certainly cannot be very important.

"My daughter has also taught me to view my life more objectively. Because I have her, I know now that many of the things I fought so hard for in the past weren't particularly important. And that in fighting so hard for them, I blinded myself to what life can really hold for anyone who wants to grasp those little every-day things that slip past us so often—those things that seem trivial to anyone who has too many hopes and too much misplaced ambition.

"I am only just beginning to know Alice, though. Now she is developing a personality. She has reached that stage where every mother can proudly say, 'My baby knows me.' I have been especially pleased to find that, at least from all indications, she has an ear for music. Of course, I don't see how she could help liking music with such parents as Phil and myself."

There were several reports that Alice had a choice to make in the hospital—either her life or the baby's. That is not true. As a matter of fact, all Alice could think of while she was in the hospital was, "When can I go home?"

After the baby was born and as soon as she was well enough, Alice went to Texas and New Orleans with Phil while he completed his tour. Some people couldn't understand how she could leave her baby so soon. Her reason is an interesting one.

"I went with Phil because I wanted to spend as much time as possible with him before he went into service," Alice began, "but I also wanted each of us to have the same amount of time with the baby. This may seem a little strange. It was simply that I felt if Phil had to be away from Alice, I should be away too. If I had stayed home while Phil was away, I'd have had the joy of having her to myself, a joy he could not share. Then, too, I also wanted the thrill of seeing her again to be had by both of us in the same way.

"Phil is really the typical father. He just sits and stares at Alice. Already he has bought her an anklet. His whole reaction to her is one of complete surprise. He is simply agog. And I must admit that he handles her better than I do. His fatherly reprimands are amusing, though. Whenever she cries too much, he'll say in a slightly raised voice, 'Now, now, now,' as though Alice knew what he was talking about. She merely looks at him and smiles. I am glad that he is amazed by her, however. I don't want to have any more of her love in the days to come than he has. And I try never to lose sight of the fact that I don't have a priority on her just because I went through the process of having her while Phil stood in the father's room and chewed his nails."

It has been said that Alice would like her daughter to be an actress. Because I knew about Alice's own career, I asked her about this report.

"Yes, I would like to have her be an actress—if she wants to be," Alice replied. "But that's up to her. As yet, Daddy and I haven't had time to go into a fireside chat and discuss any plans for her. It's still a little early for any definite plans anyway. All we can do is to see to it that she gets every possible advantage. At the moment, we are both too afraid of her and too awed by her to think about the future much. Our future is in her present."

When you come right down to it, then, Alice's future is wrapped up in her baby. What will happen to her life at home in the days to come will decide Alice's career. If the demands on her time as wife and mother grow as they are growing now, if she continues to feel that a career is so definitely secondary, and if she continues to find as much happiness in her life as she does now, then it's my guess that she will make fewer and fewer pictures. To her many fans, this may not be a pleasant prospect. To Hollywood, it will not be pleasant either, for Alice has always been one of the nicer contributions to the town. But even if she does continue with her career, the new happiness she has found in her home will continue to be representative of the *real* Alice Faye.

The old Alice Faye is gone. The new Alice Faye is a person who will command the admiration—and the envy—of every fan and of every star especially. She has the courage to say, "I need no more from life." Plus the courage to give up her career—if need be—that has taken such a heavy toll from her in favor of being talked of in days to come along the lines of, "Do you remember Alice Faye? What has happened to her?" The answer will be, "Don't you know? She's found what we're all looking for. Let's hope we'll be as lucky."

"You've Done Your Bit—Now Do Your Best!"
Buy More War Bonds and Stamps!



Ginger Rogers is helping Uncle Sam by making personal appearances to promote sales of War Bonds and Stamps. This picture shows Ginger with the Brownsville, Texas, Bond Committee.

on hand—can be used to vary scenery.

With four brothers in the services, Marguerite's views on the problems of a service-wife are anything but academic, although she is still what she calls an "unclaimed blessing." She is tall and slim and very young, with a long brown bob and intensely blue eyes. She looked taller and younger in her white sharkskin hostess pajamas.

There's nothing boyish about Marguerite. Only a very feminine person would fit into her pretty bedroom with its white string rug, its four-poster bed, canopied in white net to match the white net ruffles of dressing and perfume tables. The perfume table is laden with perfume—in candlesticks, in great square bottles, in slim, tubular ones, in squat round ones.

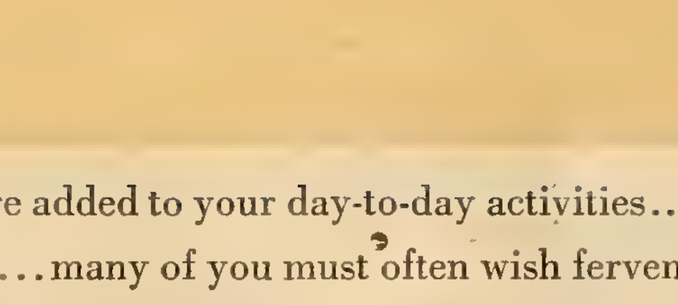
She designs her own clothes, and spends hours devising ways to disguise her inches, intricate arrangements of stripes, clever slashes of contrasting color, pockets set at angles to attract the eye from the length. All this seems intensely important to Marguerite. Myself, I *like* tall girls.

"No matter what kind of shower you give, food is never unimportant," she asserted. "For June showers, I like turkey or chicken a la King,—if you can still get curry, chicken curry is grand!—a pretty moulded salad, ice-cream and cake.

"Or, if you want something different, a good hot soup, chicken salad with dainty bread-and-butter sandwiches or small rolls, and a bride's pie."

Marguerite's cook, who is one of those gifts-from-God with a way with food, supplies recipes:

Now that wartime duties are added to your day-to-day activities...now that you're on the go all day every day...many of you must often wish fervently for a lipstick that ONCE ON, STAYS ON! If that is *your* wish, I sincerely recommend that you use one of our new Tangee SATIN-FINISH Lipsticks...Tangee's exclusive SATIN-FINISH makes each Tangee Lipstick so smooth it literally applies itself...creating a soft and glossy sheen, an exquisite long-lasting grooming, which every woman hopes to achieve...And remember: There is a matching rouge to every Tangee shade; a matching shade of Tangee's UN-powdery face powder for every complexion!

TANGEE
SATIN-FINISH

Lipsticks

NEW TANGEE MEDIUM-RED ...a warm, clear shade. Not too dark, not too light...just right.

TANGEE RED-RED ..."Rarest, Loveliest Red of Them All," harmonizes perfectly with all fashion colors.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED ..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade"...Is always most flattering.



TANGEE NATURAL..."Beauty for Duty"—conservative make-up for women in uniform. Orange in the stick, it changes to produce your own most becoming shade of blush rose.

BEAUTY—*glory of woman*...
LIBERTY—*glory of nations*...
Protect them both...

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



What could be neater than a NEET CALF?

In the Spring (or any season), a young man's . . . well, *eyes* . . . turn to shapely calves. For every male is versed in the art of husbandry . . . and his love of calves has been cultivated since Adam.

Look to your own calves, lady. See that they're *"smooth"* calves, free from glamour-stealing hair, whether stockinged or fashionably bare. Give *your* legs that self-assurance that comes with the knowledge that they're perfectly groomed . . . are truly NEET looking!

"Better get NEET today"! This cosmetic hair remover will, in a few moments, literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm-pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin silken-smooth and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when never-failing NEET is used. Nor will NEET encourage hair growth. *Buy a tube of NEET today, at drug, department, or ten cent stores.*



finely chopped, and 1 cup fresh shroom caps, broken in pieces. Cook 4 minutes; then add 2 tablespoons flour; stir until well-blended. Add 2 cups cream gradually, stirring constantly until the boiling point is reached.

Set sauce pan over hot water, add 3 cups of chicken, cut in cubes, cover and let steam until heated through. Cream ¼ lb. butter, add 3 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 3 teaspoons lemon juice, and ½ teaspoon paprika. Add to chicken mixture and stir until eggs are set.

Serve on buttered toast or in patty shells.

ASPARAGUS GELATINE SALAD

1 large bunch fresh asparagus
2 teaspoons gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
1 cup hot water (in which asparagus was cooked)
1 tablespoon vinegar
¼ teaspoon salt
Mayonnaise dressing

Boil and drain asparagus. Cut tips in 2 lengths and rest in 1-inch lengths. Soak gelatine in cold water until soft. Add hot water, vinegar and salt. Arrange tips in circle around mould and fill center with inch pieces. Fill to depth of an inch with gelatine mixture and chill. Fill center with peas and mayonnaise dressing.

Border with parsley and radish roses.

LOBSTER SOUP, SUPREME

1 can condensed asparagus soup
1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup
1 can light cream (using soup can as measure)
1 can lobster meat
3 tablespoons sherry

Combine asparagus and mushroom soups, add cream. Pick over canned lobster meat

CHICKEN SALAD

1½ cups chicken
1½ cups chopped celery
1 onion
4 eggs
1½ cups chopped apple
½ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons vinegar
Lettuce

Cook chicken with tops of celery and onion; simmer until tender; then chill and dice. Hard cook eggs, chill and chop. Wash and dice celery; peel, core and cube apples. Mix mayonnaise, salt and vinegar together. Combine ingredients, serve on lettuce after chilling.

BRIDE'S PIE

(Filling for one 9" pie)

1 envelope plain unflavored gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup cream, whipped
½ cup sugar
3 egg whites, beaten stiff and dry
1 teaspoon vanilla

Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve over hot water. Beat egg whites until stiff and fold in sugar gradually. Add dissolved gelatine gradually to beaten egg whites, and fold in whipped cream and vanilla.

Pour into chocolate crumb crust and chill. Just before serving, garnish with whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE CRUMB CRUST

1½ cups chocolate wafer crumbs
½ cup butter
3 tablespoons confectioners' sugar

Cream butter and sugar together and blend with chocolate wafer crumbs. Put mixture into pie pan with finger tips and chill before pouring in filling.

Latest About Leslie Howard

Continued from page 28

assistants at once. Howard is more than a leading actor-producer nowadays. He is an Ambassador for Britain to people in all the countries of the world, tireless and inspired as he explains the country's cause and puts forward all the reasons for the Allied efforts, strengthening international ties and promoting understanding. They accept Leslie and what he says as they would not countenance many professional politicians because they feel they know him so well through his films and so they like to listen to him on the radio too.

After hours of hard work at Denham, Leslie regularly goes to those secret underground studios from which the British Broadcasting Corporation send out their news and propaganda all around the clock. He speaks to every country in the world at different times but he makes no secret of the fact that he is happiest when he can talk to the United States and Canada, both of which he knows and loves so well. Polls show he is one of the most-appreciated English commentators on the trans-Atlantic services. His own years in Hollywood and New York have taught him just what our cousins across the ocean like to learn about us and what in turn the British people need most to know about the man and woman on Main Street.

All the films he makes now have the same deep underlying purpose, though because he is such an experienced artist they are good entertainment as well. Think of his moving performance in "49th Parallel" which so bitterly indicted the Nazi ideology and how deliciously but tellingly he guyed Berlin when he played the apparently absent-minded college professor in "Mr. V." He has just finished producing a brilliant screenplay about the girls who wear the uniform of the British Army, serving gallantly beside their men comrades at the gun-stations which ring our coast. It's called "We're Not Weeping" and shows the world how fearless and splendid young womanhood has proved itself in answering the call. Now he is planning to make a saga of the Merchant Navy, those steady, brave-hearted men who help maintain the life-lines of the Allied Nations right around the world despite all the perils lurking in the seas below them and hiding in the clouds overhead. Leslie himself is going to play the officer of an oil-tanker as well as supervise the production.

He has been told much of the war at sea by his own son Ronald, who has been serving as a lieutenant in the Royal Navy these past two years. His only daughter, nineteen-year-old blonde Leslie, who used to play small parts in her father's films, is now married to a Canadian officer and works in the uniform green sweater and fawn breeches of the Women's Land Army, tending the horses and cattle on a farm in Southern England. She was out with the animals one morning when a Messerschmitt suddenly swooped down and scattered a stick of incendiary bombs all round them. But Leslie kept her head and the cows got back to the farm at milking-time. Perhaps she thought of her father then and was strengthened by his example.

Even people who know Leslie Howard comparatively well like to describe him as "dreamy" and "inclined to be grave" but that is because they have never been privileged to see beyond the screen of essentially British reserve and under-statement which he characteristically erects around himself. This famous star is an idealist—you can

DOWN —

(and I don't mean maybe)



REMEMBER how glorious it all was . . . landing your job the very day school ended? It was *your* way of enlisting . . . doing a man's work while he's away fighting for freedom!

You can still see Mom when you brought home your first week's pay, safely salted away in War Stamps. And Dad, proud as punch . . . with his glasses all misted up.

But today it's different . . . you wish you'd never even started! And you wonder how other girls *always* manage . . . *never* seem to feel down in the dumps. They'll sail through their full eight hours and their dates, too . . . without a care in the world!

Maybe you were thinking out loud! Because Sally, the starter, takes you under her wing—tells you how girls-in-the-know keep going, *every* day. "It's not just luck," she explains. "It's because we've learned that Kotex sanitary napkins are made to stay soft while wearing!"

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How right she was (and you're glad you didn't break your date)! For Kotex is lots different from pads that just feel soft at first touch. None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure. Kotex gives you *more comfort* . . . less bulk . . . and (joy of joys!) no wrong side to cause accidents.

All this—and *confidence*, too! No need to forfeit a moment's poise, thanks to that 4-ply safety center . . . and you can depend on those flat, pressed ends to keep your secret safe!

With all these advantages, you'd naturally expect more girls to choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together . . . wouldn't you? *And they do!*

Keep going in comfort —with KOTEX*!



THUMBS UP? THUMBS DOWN? "Difficult days" — and what to do about them! The free booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells of a girl's intimate life . . . tips you off on grooming, activities, social contacts. Rush your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. S-6, Chicago.

Fresh as a Daisy . . . that's you . . . when you use QUEST, the Kotex deodorant powder! Just sprinkle QUEST on your sanitary napkin. Created expressly for this use, QUEST is a *sure* way to avoid offending, for it *destroys* napkin and body odors completely!

(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Safely stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
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read that in his slim, sensitive hands and in the finely-chiseled lines of his face and in his voice, so clear and cool and yet as expressive as a musical instrument when a master plays upon it. War has fanned the flame of Leslie's enthusiasm for freedom to a glowing white heat which permeates all he thinks and says and does. Nothing is too much trouble, no personal exertions too heavy if they serve the cause he has set up.

He used to love his gracious home-life with blonde Mrs. Howard at their old-fashioned country house with its rose gardens and the horses and the dogs, but now he has given all that up, just as the fighting soldier turns his back upon his home when he goes off on service. When Leslie isn't filming and broadcasting, he is helping in other ways, sometimes through other people whom he infects with his own burning passion.

It was Leslie Howard who suggested to his friend Laurence Olivier that he take the part of Christopher Columbus in the broadcast play, and now Laurence is working at Denham Studios too, having been given special leave from his duties as a naval air pilot to act in a new production called "Demi-Paradise." This has as its theme the mutual understanding between Britain, America, and Russia—and Russian friendship is another ideal close to Leslie's heart.

Somehow he found time to go to the Soviet National Day celebrations at the Empress Hall in London and recite extracts from a speech by Stalin on the platform. I have seen him as the honored guest of Maisky, the cultured Soviet Ambassador who lives in a greystone mansion in London's "Millionaire's Row." Leslie was sitting in the glass room there, with its palm trees and flowering shrubs, between those two famous authors H. G. Wells and George Bernard Shaw, and he was quite at ease in that rarefied intellectual atmosphere.

But I have also seen Leslie sitting unrecognized on a bench in Trafalgar Square, in the shadow of Admiral Nelson's monument, with the pigeons fluttering round him while he talked to the American and Canadian and Australian soldiers and sailors and airmen who frequent this London sightseeing spot. He was extending his knowledge of what the ordinary fighting man thought about things in general. Appropriate he should be so close to the stone figure of the sailor who is one of his own greatest heroes. He took the part of Admiral Nelson in an impressive open-air play called "Cathedral Steps" which was staged before thousands of people on the entrance porch of St. Paul's, with the bombed ruins of the City buildings all around. Later the show was repeated in that tragic empty space where once the ancient Cathedral of Coventry stood in all its greystone stateliness.

I have seen him lunching or dining in Mayfair's most exclusive restaurants too, along with other famous folk of screen and stage, talking to them, learning from them, often imbuing them with his own fine spirit. Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks, Ann Dvorak and Eric Portman who are now making a new film here about the Royal Air Force called "Squadron-Leader X," Director Anthony Asquith, Beatrice Lillie and Clive Brook—all these he knows as old friends from California and England too.

Naturally Leslie was delighted to meet a kindred spirit in Edward G. Robinson, who came to London to broadcast to the peoples of Europe. As well as being a clever actor, Edward is an unusually fine linguist and he spoke in French, German, Rumanian, Italian and Spanish during his series of talks. "Look at me," he said, "look at me well. I was born in Bucharest, have a British name, and I am an American citizen. That's the sort of place America is." Then he went on to mention his films. "You've seen me as the gangster a good many times, haven't you? But did the gangster ever win? No, and neither will Hitler." No wonder Leslie Howard, fellow-idealist and worker, was so enthusiastic about Edward's visit.

Some of Leslie's friends are wondering anxiously whether he does not attempt to do more than his health will stand—not that personal considerations would ever deter him but still. . . . He frequently misses his meals and goes without his proper ration of sleep and relaxation. He hasn't taken a single day's vacation since the war began in 1939. "Far too much to do," he explains briefly.

Even at Denham he rarely goes to the studio restaurant to eat. It saves his precious time to eat at his own desk, his lunch coming out of a box which his secretary prepares. Cheese sandwiches, home-made war-time cake with just a few raisins, apples and pears that are specially brought for him by Oscar the property-man, coffee in old yellow cups. Leslie lunches with one hand while the other is busy gesturing in accompaniment to his conversation. Even through his meal he is planning and organizing and maybe answering mail or reading newspapers.

His desk is bare and essentially workmanlike, just in keeping with his own modest personality. He has photographs of his wife and children on the walls and on the side-table stand his mascot, an old stuffed sea bird that appeared with him in Hollywood many years ago, and a collection of the airplane models which recently served in "The First of the Few." Books are everywhere, topical books of course, for Leslie is one of those people who can read several at the same time and still digest the contents lucidly.

So next time you watch Leslie Howard on the screen or maybe listen to his voice over the radio, don't just think of him as a film actor with an attractive personality. Remember he is serving the war effort as loyally as any fighter or factory-hand, giving his time and his comfort and his money to the all-important cause.

An Open Letter to Pvt. John Carroll

Continued from page 58

"In a picture," I said. "Yes, in a picture," she replied. "But serious romance? Don't be silly."

"Think what a story it would make," I said. "You two fight, you make up, you fall in love, he goes into the Army, you miss him, you fly to Denver, you—"

"No, I don't," smiled Susan. "Sorry to disappoint you, but there are things one cannot do even for one's art."

"No scoop?"

"No scoop," said Susan. "I'm starting a new picture. Besides, heavy romance and a career just don't mix." Then she got that impish look that transforms her from a routine movie beauty into a piquant and charming character. "I will say this, though, I've never met a man who made me laugh as much as John. He weakened me with his laughter. What a guy," she added dreamily.

What a gal, too, this Susie Q. Just thought you'd like to know, John, why your ears have been burning. D. E.

Ginger's "No" Man

Continued from page 27

some looking young Marine seated next to her at dinner. "Hmmm," she whispered to Eddie, "he's kinda cute." And Eddie had a nice quiet laugh all by himself because two years before when Jack was playing a bit in "Tom, Dick and Harry" starring Ginger Rogers, Eddie had heared Jack say, "Whew-ew, what I'd give to have a date with that little Rogers number!"

Well, after dinner Ginger had to appear at Consolidated Aircraft where she was selling bonds. The General gave Private Briggs orders to run interference for Miss Rogers through the crowds. "Hmmm," thought Ginger, "brawny, too." So when the bond rally was over that evening she asked Eddie to come to her hotel suite for coffee and sandwiches, and Eddie took the hint and brought along Private Briggs. But just as he and Ginger were getting acquainted who should arrive but the General and his staff, and what chance has a private with all that gold braid?

"Ginger had made up her mind between the shrimp cocktail and the roast beef that Jack was the cutest guy she'd ever met," said Don, flicking his cigarette ash in his hair, his favorite gesture, "but she didn't want Eddie to know. So when she got back to Los Angeles the next day she said, very casually, 'That nice little Marine (Private Briggs is anything *but* little) what was his name—the one who sat next to me at dinner? I think I ought to write and thank him for looking after me at the rally. Could you get me his address, Eddie?' I don't know who she thought she was fooling."

So Ginger wrote a nice, polite little note to Private Briggs in which she said that if he ever came to Hollywood he might give her a ring—and she enclosed her private telephone number. And a star's private telephone number in Hollywood, believe me, is far more precious than anything you'll find at Tiffany's. Jack got leave the next week-end.

When he came by Ginger's house to take her to dinner at the Mocambo on Saturday night he and Don met for the first time. "I could tell Ginger wanted me to think he was terrific," Don grinned, "and strangely enough, I did. Which is certainly more than I thought of some of her other beaus in this town. I should have caught on that evening that this was the one for Ginger, but I didn't. Lela (Ginger's attractive mother) caught on sooner than I did. Ginger left for her ranch in Oregon a week after she met Jack to join her mother and get some rest after the strenuous bond tour. Lela told me that she had never seen anything like the way Ginger pounced on the mail every day. It wasn't like Ginger.

"I didn't realize that Ginger was really honest to goodness in love with the guy until I heard her rehearse *Suddenly It's Spring* at the studio. (This is the song number Ginger and Don sing and dance together in "Lady in the Dark.") Dreamy, you know, and sort of other worldish. That girl was actually starry-eyed. I took her to lunch that noon and said, 'Well, tell Uncle Don all about it.' She was coy at first, and then she broke down and confessed that she was planning to marry the guy, and no one knew it but me, and if I told she'd brain me.

"'What's he got that your other beaus haven't got?' I asked curiously. 'Take it easy, kid. I never saw you in a dewy dither like this before.'"

And Ginger told him.

"Jack," she said, "has a wonderful sense of humor which is very important—especially these days. He's more fun than any-



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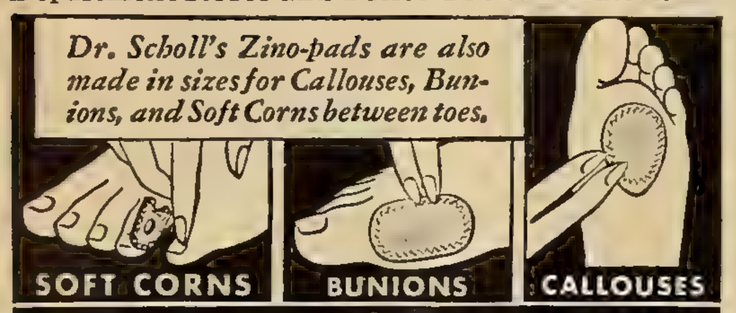
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one I've ever met. We're completely companionable. My mother and my friends like him too. My mother told me she liked him from the first minute she met him, and that's very important to me. And the night you met him, Don, I could see that you were impressed with his charm and easy manner. He's so sweet and kind and considerate. And," she added with a giggle, "he's pretty cute too."

The week before they married Jack came up for the week-end and they had dinner at Ginger's to celebrate their engagement. The only people there were Lela Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Katz, Jack's mother and stepfather of Los Angeles, and Eddie and Don. They planned to have their wedding kept secret so they applied for a marriage license in Los Angeles under their own names—Virginia Katherine McMath and John Calvin Briggs—which seems to be the best way of dodging the press. They planned to marry Saturday, January 9th, but when Jack found out that he could get away from camp early Friday they changed their date to the 8th. Ginger called Don at the studio and told him to hurry over to her house to kiss the bride goodbye.

"Erma, Ginger's maid, met me at the door. 'Mr. Loper,' she greeted me with a worried look, 'you aren't going to like it.' 'Hat, or accessories?' I asked quickly, taking two steps at a time. Sure enough, Ginger had on a beautiful brown hat which she had slanted forward at a perfectly dreadful angle. 'Girl,' I said sternly, 'the hat, it's beautiful, but it goes *back* of the pompadour, and the veiling comes over your hair.' Ginger was as nervous as a bride and told me she certainly had no intention of doing over her hair just to please me. But before Uncle Don finished with her she had a first class straightening job. Then she showed me the corsage of orchids she planned to pin on her brown suit. 'No,' I said, 'no, Ginger, definitely no.' I rushed out and bought her a circle of baby white orchids and outlined her mink muff with them."

Jack's train from San Diego was late, and poor Ginger was left waiting at the Union Station for hours. When he did arrive finally they drove to Pasadena where they were married in the First Methodist Church at one A.M., so it turned out that they were married on Saturday after all. After the ceremony they drove back to Los Angeles for a wedding breakfast at the home of Jack's parents. They had a three-day honeymoon, which they spent in Hollywood, and then the bridegroom returned to the Marine Base at San Diego and the bride to "Lady in the Dark."

Don tells a most amusing story on Private Jack Briggs. Seems that when Jack first reported to the Marine headquarters at San Diego he had a tough sergeant who used to ride all the recruits connected with the movie industry by saying, "Sure, I guess you'd rather be back in Hollywood having tea with Ginger Rogers." When Jack or any other actors were drilling the sergeant would say out of the corner of his mouth, "Sure, I know, you'd rather be dancing at Ciro's with Ginger Rogers." Private Briggs took all this for weeks, but the day he was leaving camp on his three-day furlough he couldn't resist stopping by to see the sergeant. "Is there anything you want me to tell Ginger Rogers?" he inquired politely. "I'm marrying her today."

"Ginger," Don continued on his favorite subject, "has been a very lonesome girl these past few years. You know how it is in Hollywood for a star. This marriage is the best thing in the world for her. In all the fourteen years I've known her I have never seen her so completly happy. If you go there for dinner now you wait forever. Ginger knows that Jack will call her long distance from a pay station in San Diego every night as near seven as he can make it, so she dashes home from the studio and sits by the phone in her bedroom until his call comes through. Then she floats down the stairs all dewy-eyed and dreamy. That's love, brother."

Don thinks that Ginger has the most beautiful figure of any girl on the screen, and there are not many who would give him an argument about that. He also knows there have been a great many people who consider her one of the worst dressed girls in Hollywood. He once discussed the problem of dressing with Ginger and she explained that after "Kitty Foyle" her public thought of her as a white-collared girl and she felt she should oblige them by dressing that way. He informed her he didn't believe a word of it—that he felt her fans appreciated the fact that she had a perfect clothes figure and would like to think she dressed accordingly.

Her wardrobe in "Lady in the Dark" is a new all-time high in sophistication. The results of wearing these gowns are already being noted in her personal taste. It is Don's honest belief that with the release of the picture public opinion will swing away from the "little navy-blue and white pique" type opinion and vote her one of the best dressed women on the screen.



Jennifer Jones, 1943 screen find who has been given the top dramatic part of the year—the title rôle in the picturization of Franz Werfel's best-selling novel, "The Song of Bernadette"—is shown going over scripts with William Goetz, Vice President of 20th Century-Fox studio.

The Truth About That Sheridan-Flynn "Romance"

Continued from page 61

volcano. Ann screamed, caught her hair in the chain on the stopper, and had to be rescued by Gwenn with a pair of manicure scissors. For the rest of her visit Ann's hair had scalloped edges.

Two days after Ann received her divorce in Cuernavaca a law was passed requiring, in the future, a six months' residence. "Well, Ann," someone said to her in Mexico City, "you just slid under the wire in time." "Why couldn't they have passed that law while I was there?" Ann said indignantly. "I would have loved to have stayed six months."

When the De La Pena Realty Company heard about that they promptly lived up to the Mexican hospitality tradition, and presented Ann with a deed to some beach property near Acapulco. "Is it under water all the year round?" asked Ann, whose family once lost money in the Florida boom. "No," said the agent pleasantly, "only part of the year." So Ann immediately bought up a lot of lottery tickets in hopes that she would win enough dough to build herself a beach house. "I wasn't lucky," said Ann. "I never won. But after the war I hope I'll be able to scrape up enough money, left over from taxes, to build a home there. I'd like to make two pictures a year in Hollywood, and live the rest of the time in Mexico. Brother, that would be living. Mexico's the most hospitable place in the world. And certainly the most relaxing."

Outside of the hot water episode Ann met with only one unpleasantness during her entire trip. It seems that the press and the syndicates, taking a tip from the Hollywood gossip columns, tried to link Ann's name romantically with that of Errol Flynn. Now Ann likes Errol, she has known him on the Warner lot for years, but she was not having any romance with him. She got pretty annoyed a few days before she left when she discovered that one of the syndicates had had her followed by a detective while she was there. Ann was born with a sweet, goodnatured disposition, and it takes quite a bit to rile her. But this riled her. And in Phoenix, on her way back, she lost her sense of humor. H'mmm, she got hopping mad.

She was buying some magazines at the newsstand in the airport when a reporter, fresh as paint, dashed up to her and demanded, "Miss Sheridan, did you marry Errol Flynn in Mexico?"

"I don't recall what I said to him," said Ann later, "but it must have been good. The more I glared the more he shrunk. And when I last saw him he was backing away from me into the men's room."

How did those Sheridan-Flynn romance rumors get started, anyway? The answer's easy. Last winter romantic news in Hollywood had reached a new low. There was plenty of news about movie stars going on bond tours, and entertaining soldiers and sailors all the way from Alaska to Ireland. But there just wasn't any romance news. And what's a gossip column without a romance? Dull, that's what. Ann separated from George Brent while she was costarring with Errol Flynn in "Edge of Darkness." Any single actor working with Ann at that time would have had his name connected with hers. It is what is called in Hollywood a "natural." Ann likes to laugh and kid, and so does Errol, so they had a lot of fun on the picture together. There was also a location, which is always good for stimulating romantic rumors.

Then one day after the picture was finished Ann went into Westmore's to have her hair done. While she was there Errol Flynn came in to get his hair cut by his favorite barber. Hearing Ann's laugh he strolled over to her booth, and they swapped a couple of jokes. Immediately it was all over town. What-do-you-know, Ann Sheridan and Errol Flynn are meeting secretly in a beauty parlor!

"How silly," said Ann, when someone told her she had become the talk of the town. "If I wanted to meet anyone secretly I certainly wouldn't pick a beauty salon."

A few days later a trade paper columnist printed that every morning Errol left a huge bunch of American Beauty roses at Ann's door. When a press agent asked Ann about this she laughed and said, "Well, if Errol's sending me roses why doesn't he get the right address? I haven't received any so far."

For a few days after that the columnists held off. At least they held off of Flynn. They had Ann romancing, secretly again, with Tony Martin who was in Hollywood a few days before his induction in the Army. When questioned about Tony, Ann frankly announced, "Why, I've never even met Tony Martin."

That rumor died a quick death. But the Flynn rumor was quickly revived. Soon after finishing "Edge of Darkness" Errol left for Mexico City, where he often vacations. So when Ann announced that she had decided to get her divorce in Mexico, that was all the columnists and radio commentators needed: Ann and Errol were meeting in Mexico. Ann and Errol had secretly married in Mexico. Every day a new rumor.

The truth of the whole thing was that Ann and Erroll met only once the entire time they were in Mexico City. And that was at a huge cocktail party with hundreds of people around. Ann stayed at the Reforma Hotel, and Errol stayed at a hotel on the other side of town. Ann was surrounded by her Mexican friends. And Errol had his own personal friends who had come to Mexico with him.

If there had been any romancing, any



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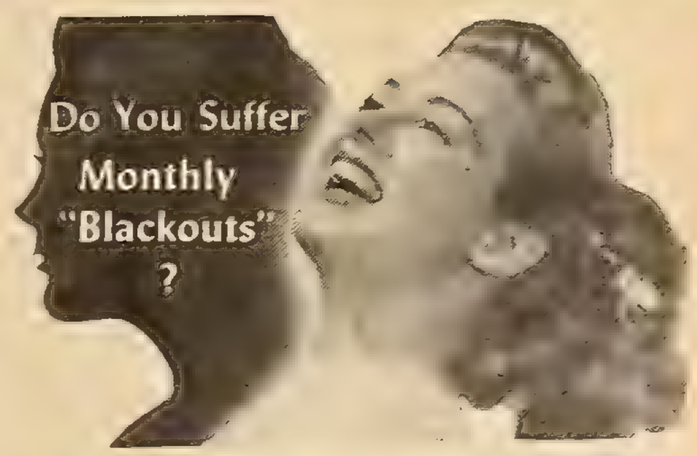
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meeting, of those two, the world would have known about it. A detective, hired by a prominent syndicate, shadowed Ann day and night.

When Ann returned to Hollywood, at the request of her studio, and later discovered that the script of her next picture was far from ready, she gathered up another girl friend—this time, Mina Farragut, a dancer—and left for Mexico again. Immediately, but immediately, it appeared in all the columns that Errol Flynn was on his way to Mexico City too. One column had him in Mexico City a week after his trial. All that week he was very much in evidence on the Warner lot where he was testing for his next picture. An important news syndicate had it spread on the front pages of the Los Angeles papers that Errol Flynn was at the Reforma Hotel in Mexico, trying to forget, along with the other Flynn—the one who didn't make Australia. The very night this story appeared on page one of the newspapers Errol was having dinner at Romanoff's with George Raft, Eddie Mannix, Judy Garland, and a group of other friends. Must have been two other people.

Back in Mexico City for the second time Ann was amused to read in the column of Mexico City's leading gossip writer, "I regret to say that Ann Sheridan's second trip to Mexico City is for love of our country, and not for love of a man."

And this time the lady columnist was cooking with gas. You've never seen anyone as enthusiastic over our southern neighbor as Missy Ann. And her enthusiasm is proving contagious. Bette Davis, who just couldn't finish her picture soon enough to get to her farm in New England, left, unexpectedly, for Mexico City instead. After talking it over with his ex-wife, George Brent is leaving for Mexico City as soon as he has received his honorable discharge from the Army. Olivia de Havilland and Alexis Smith and Ida Lupino are studying maps. If this keeps up Jack Warner will have to open up a branch of his studio there.

On Sundays Ann and her Mexican friends attended the bull-fights. She got a kick out of hearing the Mexicans call her "Anita," and she was especially thrilled when one little man kept calling across the arena to her, "Anita, I am your friend," in English he had learned for the occasion. To the bull-fights she would wear a big rodeo hat that one of the night clubs had presented her with, because, when they asked her what song she wanted the orchestra to play she had said, "Just so it's Mexican. It will be a favorite of mine."

On week-days she and Gwenn would go on sight-seeing trips. She particularly loved her visit to Tasco—although she wore high heels and nearly broke an ankle on the ancient cobblestones—where she bought lovely old bracelets, necklaces, and earrings. In the shops in Mexico City she bought a wardrobe which she describes as "out of this world" it's so beautiful. She is especially pleased with one of her new evening dresses which has a rustly white taffeta petticoat—and when the Hollywood girls see *that* it's a cinch the old-fashioned petticoat will come into its own again.

Can you imagine the pin-up girls in petticoats?

The day Ann returned home from her second trip to Mexico, she walked right in on a little fiesta staged by Mother Nature. California had been having some of its "unusual weather." Ann's four-acre ranch at Encino was practically under water. A new hired man had given the chickens a specially-prepared hot mash. The chickens were laying so many eggs, they didn't even have time to get off the nest. Annette, a bovine beauty that was a Christmas present from Annie Sheridan to Annie Sheridan, had arrived. To top everything, when she walked in, the first words to greet Ann from the cook were, "Your ex-husband just called."

"Which one?" answered Ann dryly.

"It could have been Mr. Norris. But it sounded more like Mr. Brent," was the answer. Ann never did find out which it was.

The next few days were spent in decorating the house with those fancy painted trays, finding a spot for Ann's silver laden sombrero. For hours every day Ann hung on the phone, trying to locate the wonderful recordings that were being held up at the border. Finally she put through a phone call to Mexico. Every day the operator called to say they were "working on it." Finally the call came through. "Just what did Miss Sheridan wish to talk to Mexico about?" By this time Miss Sheridan decided to just plain skip it. In Mexco they believe in taking things casually. They skipped it.

Strangely enough, despite all the romance rumors, the linking of the Sheridan-Flynn names, it was Edmund O'Brien who was seeing Ann during the time they said she was seeing Errol. Ann's last day on the Warner lot before her first trip to Mexico, was spent in the portrait gallery. Edmund came out and watched her pose the entire afternoon. This didn't even reach print. But shortly after Edmund joined the armed forces, a columnist reported that Edmund had flown down to Mexico to be with Ann. When he arrived, according to the story, he discovered that Errol Flynn had gotten there first, so he checked out immediately.

Just for the records, Edmund O'Brien did *not* fly to Mexico at any time while Ann was there. He might have wanted to, but Uncle Sam had different plans. Ann has been in Hollywood too long, has seen herself misquoted too many times, not to have developed a keen sense of humor about the whole setup. Long ago she learned there is no use to let it get you. Typical of Ann, the first day she arrived back on the Warner lot, someone introduced her to the thirteen-year-old Marine—recently signed for a picture they have in mind.

"Well, at least," cracked Ann gaily, "here's one they won't announce my engagement to—but on second thought—now *will* they?"



Fashion hint! Starlet Helene Reynolds is a resourceful and patriotic young lady. She made the stylish frock she is wearing out of gunny sacking by ripping up sacks, washing and ironing them, cutting them with a dress pattern, and sewing them up into this dress.

Take a Picture, Darling!

Continued from page 53

bother with me, for nothing ever happened.

The Pressmans noticed during the Nazi entry into Austria that trucks and tanks rolling in to occupy the country were all old and shabby, vintage of World War I.

"We've often said that their use was an example of Nazi strategy," said Claudette. "They wanted the rest of the world to think they had no first class equipment, that they were taking a country with practically nothing but a 'superior race' of men."

The Austrian shots reflect the excitement of the time, but Claudette's favorite pictures are some she made of Britanny fishermen.

"Uusally when I was getting shots of peasants or other people in various European countries, I hadn't much time," she confided. "They wouldn't pose for me, they just kept on going, or doing what they were doing, and if I got something it was by good luck. This time, though, we were down on the pier watching the fishermen below, so we could talk to them first.

"On the pier were two old men, one 86 and the other not much younger, sitting there looking on. 'We're old. We don't work any more,' they said, but we could see they were dying to get down among the fish again. I have their pictures and those of the fishing fleet enlarged for my album."

The album has other enlargements, too, scenes in the marketplaces of cities and towns now under the swastika, then little havens of peace.

"Look, here are some snow scenes I shot in the Tyrols where I attended the famous school for ski-ers. That school was the finest in the world until it was closed by the war, and I learned all I know of the art there. Do you know, when I made my first Sun Valley picture, I couldn't ski, I could only skate, but now I'm not so bad. This is my teacher. When the Nazis went in, they put many of the boys at the school into concentration camps, but a number got away and are over here now. My teacher is in this country, I'm happy to say."

"Nazis are clever but not as clever as they think they are," she observed, taking a much-handled postcard from her bag. "Toda, I had this card from a British prisoner of war in Germany. How it got out is beyond me! He asks for my picture and says that the last film he saw before leaving England was 'Arise My Love'; he thinks of it often and hopes the sentiments expressed in it are as widely held in America as they are in England. I suppose to the censors 'Arise My Love' sounded like a romance, not a story of a newspaperwoman covering the war!"

If she hadn't gone on the stage, Claudette would have been an artist. She was studying art when she got a part in a play as a gag. She expected to go back to sketching, but stage success prevented. Ever since then, she's thought: "I must get out my charcoal—I believe I could do something with that face!" She worked in charcoal and water colors, never in oil. Somehow she never actually got out the charcoal and her pictures remain in the might-have-been.

Hollywood became camera-conscious. Camera fiends told her that theirs was a short cut to art. So when she took a round-the-world trip some ten years ago, a camera sounded like an easier way to get pictures than dashing about with an easel, palette and brush.

"I got a little Leica and ran about clicking the shutter industriously," she remembered, "but I found that camera a complicated affair, not very handy for a girl unless she is an expert. Men seem to enjoy working with them and love the fast lens. "Look, I stopped a horse in the fourth race!' or 'I stopped a train at top speed!' they tell you, and they don't mean they halted the things at all; they only took a picture of them without blurring.

"My results weren't especially good, and it made me nervous to try to see what I was getting with my eye jammed close to the finder. So when I went to Europe four years ago, I got a Rolleiflex. You can look right down into it and focus it by turning a knob until you can see what you are taking clearly.

"You have to be clever to succeed with a Leica, but no matter how stupid you are, you can get a picture with a Rolleiflex!"

Dr. Joel Pressman, husband and companion on the European trip, is a camera enthusiast, too, but he handles their home movie outfit as a rule. Now and then he tries his skill with the Rolleiflex, and one result of this effort is a picture of Claudette with a white goat made at Bluebeard's Castle.

"These are the ruins of the castle of Bluebeard, the fairy-tale monster who killed so many wives," recounted my hostess. "We had such fun that day! The white goat came out while we were shooting pictures and the doctor said he was the ghost of the old man himself. Up there is the window where Sister Ann sat and looked down the road to see if Bluebeard was coming—remember?"

If you are a candid camera fiend and can't help taking pictures, take good ones or don't pester your friends to look at them, is Claudette's urgent advice.

"There's nothing duller than looking at poor snapshots. Your victim is at your mercy and he *has* to endure it. You usually feel a little guilty, so you start out with an apology: 'I don't think I got the focus quite right on this one,' you say, 'but if you look hard you can see that this is a man down here in the corner, and that's a —let's see now, Jack, can you remember if this was the dog Lucille had with her that day, or is it the kitten their little girl was playing with?' Lots of fun for the victim!

"If you show your prints, show only the ones you're proud to show. Saying which I produce this mountain view taken through a train window while the train was speeding!" She laughed that choky little laugh you like to hear from the screen.

"At first on the trip, every time we saw what I thought would make a good picture, I'd cry: 'Oh, *stop!* Wait a minute, I want to get this. It's glorious!' So we'd stop and I'd fuss around with the camera and move up or down or back and forth and keep the car waiting. Finally my husband said firmly: 'Look, now, are you making a travelogue? Or was it in the plans that we get to our destination some time this month?' That explains the shot through the train window.

"These pictures are souvenirs I wouldn't like to lose. I hope, though, that I'll never have to look through heaps of pictures of my own country, America, and feel as I do about the ones I took in Europe."

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Day dreaming, Dorothy Day, one of the featured players in "Thank Your Lucky Star," elaborate new musical production in which every star and performer on the Warner Brothers' lot plays a part, relaxes in her studio dressing room while waiting for a call to the set.

How To Bait A Man Trap

Continued from page 23

for, while he was plain nuts about you? Remember how you skipped an evening now and then, how you were generally out with six other guys when he telephoned for last minute dates, how you never called his office to ask why he hadn't been over, how you didn't give a continental if he was in love and wanted to marry you or not, how you didn't go all to pieces in his arms and never inquired how many girls he had been out with and if he loved you? You were inviting; you were interested in him, *but you were hard to get.*

Believe me, three hundred out of three hundred and ten college boys interviewed hit the nail on the head when they said their dream girl was—guess who?—LANA TURNER. Not just because she is beautiful and glamorous, but *because she looks hard to get.* Said Bob Doud, prominent fraternity man at the University of Southern California: "Lana Turner is smart looking besides being beautiful. She has that best-sorority-on-the-campus look. She's the girl all fraternity row would like to date, the prize package who leads the grand cotillion at the senior ball. For all her inviting, seductive glances, she still looks as if you'd have to work like hell to get a kiss. But to be the guy who got the kiss—WOW! Heaven can wait, I'll take Lana Turner!"

And now for the other picture I promised I'd draw for you. Remember back to that boy you can't quite forget who still makes your heart jump when you hear songs you once danced to together? He hasn't called for six months? Lessee, now, how did you play that deck of cards?

Let's face it. What you did was all wrong from A to Z. *One thousand men* have told me so. In the first place, you broke your neck to be with him and *let him know it.* You lived for his phone calls. He didn't have a doubt in his head, not a thing to worry about. You were too easy. He didn't have to work at all to get you absolutely in a dither. Now it's all right to be in a dither, but, if you're smart, until you are as sure that the B.F. is as much in love with you as you are with him, don't let him know about it. Until the psychological moment, keep your dithers to yourself.

You lost that boy friend because he was so sure of you that you might have been tied to his front door, like Fido. Before you had any right to be, *you were so possessive* you began to reproach him for not spending seven nights out of seven with you. (How could he chase you, baby, with you coming straight at him in a P-38?)

So you lost him. You did all the wrong things. Well, from now on, do the RIGHT things! Make him chase you. If he says, "How about Friday night?", you say, "Oh, dear, I can't!" (Say how SORRY you are. That flatters his vanity.) "Let's make it next Friday!" (That keeps you from losing the date altogether.) Don't worry that he won't keep it. He will, and he'll value it more. But give your brush-offs with warmth and sympathy. *Don't ever let a man feel that you think you are too good to go out with him.*

That one little FEMININE trick alone made *six hundred and fifty-eight* defense workers say they would rather ask Ann Sothern for a date *than any other movie star!* Because why? Because they said *they wouldn't be afraid of Ann Sothern.* There is the secret of her success—men know that she is kind. She's warm, human, friendly, real—with a heart of gold. A man feels *comfortable* with her. Make no mistake, Ann has a keen, razor-edged intelligence, a brilliant mind, but she never makes a man feel inferior. She is shrewd in the art of handling men, of making them happy. "I'll bet you ten bucks," said North American defense worker David Moran, "that Ann Sothern would NEVER say the wrong thing to any man." Listen to that, Mr. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Your "Swing Shift Maisie" is a hit. Listen to that, you snooty, hard-to-get-a-smile-from society gals, and take a tip from *six hundred and fifty-eight* builders of planes and ships!

And when you are out with that boy you hope will tumble for you, don't talk about other boy friends. Don't drool over men you happen to notice. Keep your attention focused on your escort. Don't forget what every high school girl knows: *Make him feel he is the most wonderful man in the world.*

Glamorous Hedy Lamarr, when asked if she had any clue as to why so many, many

men had fallen so madly in love with her, smiled her Mona Lisa smile and said: "It's very simple! All you do is talk to the men about themselves!" What canny "man-knowledge"! Any woman who follows Hedy's advice will have a man believing she is the most intelligent, charming, brilliant woman he has ever met. Because even a child knows that the most interesting topic in the world is yourself.

Of course, the man of your dreams is wonderful, and don't let him forget it. But he has no priority on the deal. So when he says, "What did you do last night?", give an answer like, "Don't get nosey, bub!" or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Don't talk about past dates, but, on the other hand, don't let him believe you never have any. Keep him guessing. Until the ring is on your finger, a man likes competition. When he finally wins you, he feels he must have been smarter than all of those other men.

This doesn't mean that you shouldn't be natural. Don't put on an act. But until HE genuinely feels that he is in love, have the good sense and the good taste not to embarrass or frighten him by jumping the gun. Don't make him feel obligated to you. Don't indicate that he should fall in love with you to keep from hurting your feelings. Because then he will feel uncomfortable, trapped, tricked. Too often, he will pretend, and when this pretense comes to light, there you'll be again with your little heart all broken.

But all of the points emphasized by *one thousand men* did not belie the fact that fundamentally a man wants a real woman. According to Bob Brooks, night club owner, a man wants a woman—not only with depth of passion and emotion—but one he can turn to in life's emergencies. Being the protected feminine sex is fun in casual living, but when a man's world crashes around him, that is where someone like Greer Garson would give him faith and hope. Sometimes he needs someone to turn to, himself. *Men are just little boys in long pants.*

Men like honesty. You'd be surprised how they warm up to this quality. Oh, not the kind of honesty that blurts out: "You look awfully funny without your toupee!" or "I always thought you were smart until I talked to you!" No broadsides like those! No, the kind of honesty that Ann Sheridan has. You know she's the real thing. She has no pretense or sham about her. Ann Sheridan won't lie about her age. She won't go into histrionics or hysterics about her personal life. If you ask her a straight question, she'll give you a straight answer. No cat and mouse games. "A guy would know where he stood with Ann Sheridan," said Lt. Struthers "Strut" Brann, from Officers' Training deep in the heart of Texas. Other men placed heart stimulants Betty Grable, Dorothy Lamour and Ginger Rogers in this same category.

And don't ever be fooled by the woo! woo! whistles the boys give the girls with too tight sweaters and the swaying hip walk. When it comes time to put the ring on her finger, a man wants a girl who is a lady. Handsome Jim Bosch, photographer for Basic Magnesium, Inc., cites Greer Garson, Katharine Hepburn, Linda Darnell and Joan Crawford as the "lovely lady" type.

What else did *one thousand men* have to say? Listen to Bill Moore, manager of Hotel Last Frontier, Las Vegas, Nevada: "Look," he smiled, "there's something you've forgotten in romance, in marriage, in life itself, a sense of humor is the most important thing in the world. Myrna Loy humor, making light of the daily trials of living. A marriage can't be a success without it."

A lot of people carefully skirt around the subject of kisses. But I wonder if they know how important kisses are? A doctor, a psychiatrist interviewed, said that his son broke up with his girl because "she couldn't kiss worth a damn." Response is the keynote of your success here, just so you don't go too far. Don't get hit by the moon, for the age-old reason that anticipation is a greater thrill than realization.

Besides, *nine hundred and ninety-nine* men confessed to keeping moons in their pockets, all sizes and varieties, just in case. So now you know, and forewarned is forearmed, I always say! But if you're in the mood, kiss him. And how! I might add. It'll give him something to remember you by. Just pause and reflect, a little goes a long way. The surest way to really lose a man is to make him feel he has added another feather to his cap.

Another thing. No matter how long you may have to wait by your telephone, *never call a man for a date.* If he's interested, your phone will ring. If he's not, there are better fish in the Army. There really ARE, you know. And there isn't a man you can't live without. (Look who's talking!)

Don't be chattery. Don't be vain. Don't act superior. Don't be noisy, or silly. Don't be an exhibitionist in makeup, clothes or manners. Don't make a man feel you are doing him a favor when you go out with him. And *Public Don't No. 1*—DON'T BE POSSESSIVE!

Be natural. Be human. Be feminine. Give him something in the way of encouragement and sympathy and faith that will keep his ego zooming, and he'll picket your doorstep. That's a promise. He is one man you'll never have to worry about!

It's always dangerous to give advice, but —what the heck!—I have only one life to give to my sex. So, looka me! I'm sticking my neck out! And even if I have to pussy foot down dark alleys from now on, if one romance is saved, it's worth the risk.

Of course, there are some women who enjoy having their hearts broken. To them —pouff! We won't worry about them, because they're having a lot of fun in a twisted kind of way.

But for those of you all dewy-eyed and dreamy about the romance that didn't jell, wake up, your torch is showing!

Start a new man-trap campaign!

Fans' Forum

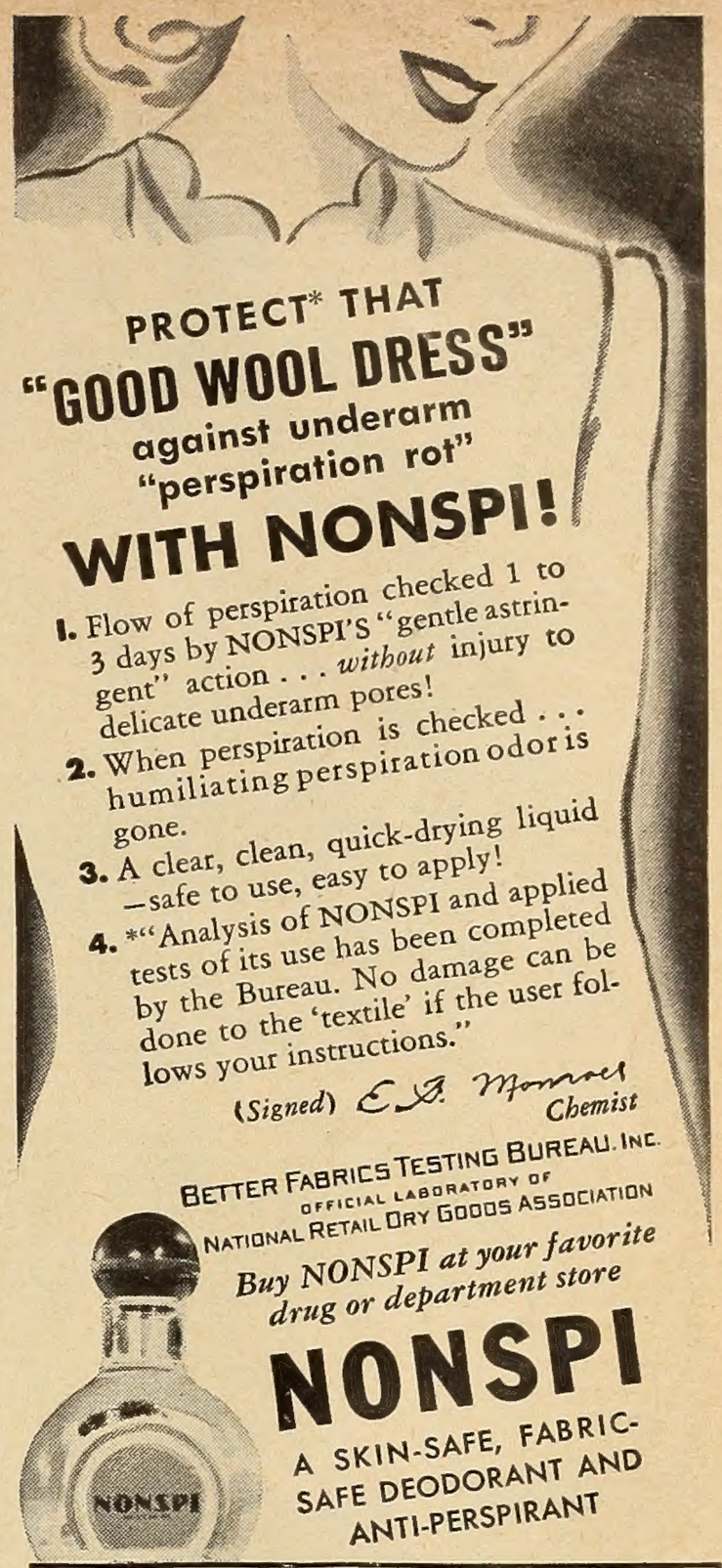
Continued from page 12

Against Mrs. Hadley," and this blond-sort-of-homely creature was smiling at Jean Rogers across a canteen counter. Lucky, lucky Jean!

After the movie, we eagerly checked the list of players and found an unfamiliar name—Van Johnson. And we weren't surprised to find him the chief topic of conversation later in the lobby and lounge. Folks were wondering who he was and where he had been all this time. One cute little number said, "Gee! He does something to you."

She was right—he "done something to me." I've looked for additional pictures, but found only one—"Dr. Gillespie's New Assistant." It was good, but it wasn't enough. Aren't there any more to be had or have I been missing them? Hollywood has a FIND there!

H. T., Columbus, Ohio.



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WITH NONSPI!

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Order treatment COD, only $2. (plus postage which is about 25c.) or send $2 and I will pay postage.

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Pint-size siren! Diana Lewis (Mrs. Bill Powell in private life) suns herself in the Powell home patio and incidentally provides the M-G-M cameraman with material for a very fetching picture.

I am a teen-age girl and I speak for most of the teen-agers in general when I say that Donald O'Connor is tops when it comes to playing a rug-cutting jitterbug and I also think he is cute. Now don't get me wrong. When I say he is "cute," I don't mean one of those pretty boys. I mean he is natural and acts like one of the boys in your home town.

After seeing him play in "Get Hep to Love" and "It Comes Up Love;" I am afraid I could not give the movies I saw after those two all the credit they deserved, for wishing they were more like the ones Donald appeared in. Many of the older people do not seem to care for them and, since Donald O'Connor hasn't such a big name as Mickey Rooney (whom they go to see and like), they turn away and go to some other theater. But those who do go to see him like him, and some day soon his name is going to be bigger than Mickey Rooney's ever was.

So from now on, let's see more of Donald O'Connor and Gloria Jean (another one of my favorites) together and give us teen-agers a break.

MARY ATKINS, Richmond, Ind.

HONORABLE MENTION

Paging Mr. DeMille! Now that the Four Horsemen are again loosed upon the world, why not give us a modern version of that classic story of the Argentine? For two decades, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" has stood as unapproachable in the heart of many an older lover of the screen. With modern photography, sound, and all the recent developments in film technique, a return of that masterpiece should pack all movie houses. More than that, it should drive home the lesson of the futility of war as no other film has ever been able to do.

You have no Valentino? Pardon the suggestion, C.B., but have you seen that side-splitting comedy, "The Road to Morocco"? If not, go and look long at Anthony Quinn. He has not been featured in any write-ups; there is no publicity in the film magazines about him; but he is the first man in all these years to remotely resemble "The Sheik." It is not a definite resemblance of feature, for Valentino was much "smoother' than this Quinn who strides through the background of Crosby's and Hope's nonsense. The resemblance lies in a certain reserved quality, of leashed fire, of composure, that none of those who have been heralded as "second Valentinos" have possessed. If you are not struck by this resemblance as Quinn looks out under his lashes at Dottie Lamour, it will be because, not being a woman, your heart never went into a dive as the "Great Lover" did his stuff!

Give Anthony Quinn a chance, and we predict you will have a more masculine, more virile "Valentino" who will not only pack the box office but have the calibre to carry the greatest war film of movie history to a second victory. Bring back "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" with Anthony Quinn!

PAGE HUNTOON, Chula Vista, Calif.

The fellow I am writing about is not such a handsome guy but if I were a girl I could surely fall for him. For he has the material that I wish I had.

I have had lots of dates to go to the movies when he was playing on the screen and was always lucky enough to get a date with a girl I cared most for when he was playing. I don't know whether it was he or me she wanted to see but we always enjoyed his pictures very much.

Although I have seen him in very few pictures, I think he is tops myself and I feel that most of the people agree with me. Some of the pictures I have seen him in, although they were not big time stuff—one of them, especially—gave enough thrills to make the people realize that he has the ability to give them what they want. George Raft, I hope to see you soon in your next picture and I will be punching for you.

ELI C. TURNER, Columbia, S. C.

The bank cashier, the grocery man, the newsboy, and the landlord were enthusiastically acclaiming "Bambi" as a picture to see, not once, but twice, and thrice!

The coloring, so beautiful that it hurt, the human drama enacted by Bambi, his mother, Thumper—whose ears were an automatic V for Victory, Flower, the old owl, and each and everyone of the cast surpassed the acting of man!

It was an escape picture—perhaps—yet the underlying theme seemed to shout HOME—AMERICA—and the joy that comes with peace and security.

Walt Disney has not only given the world great pleasure, but has endowed these creatures of the forests with new significance.

JANE RINGLER, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

Nothing has brought Hollywood and its screen public so close as the all-embracing war-time restrictions, bans, etc. Formerly, Hollywood was a kind of little kingdom in itself, immune from ordinary laws and so be-glamorized that it scarcely seemed human at all, but semi-angelic as it were. Now, thank goodness, we are all one mold. The stars can't get their accustomed luxuries any more than we can; their servants have left them for war work even as ours; tinsel crowns are rolling in the dust. In a word, we're all one great big happy family, with no playing of favorites on the part of Dame Fortune. And do we love it? It took a global war to do it. Hiya, Toots! Shake, Pal! Three cheers for Hollywood's good sportsmanship.

J. D. BAYNE, Vancouver, Can.

CAST

"MISSION TO MOSCOW"

(Warner Brothers)

Based on the famous book by Joseph E. Davies, former U. S. Ambassador to Russia. Produced by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz.

Joseph E. Davies.....Walter Huston
Mrs.. Davies.....Ann Harding
Freddie.....George Tobias
Litvinov.....Oscar Homolka
Emlen.....Eleanor Parker
Paul Grosjean.....Richard Travis
Major Kamenev.....Helmut Dantine
Vyshinsky.....Victor Francen
Von Ribbentrop.....Henry Daniell
Spendler.....Jerome Cowan
Ivy Litvinov.....Barbara Everest
Tanya.....Marie Palmer
Schacht.....Felix Basch
Kalinin.....Vladimir Sokoloff
Winston Churchill,
Dudley Field Malone
Stalin.....Manart Kippen
Molotov.....Gene Lockhart

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Your choice of two new shades:
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Camay Complexions go on Honeymoons!

Tonight, go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling beauty care, based on skin specialists' advice gives fresher, smoother skin

IS THERE a man in your mind—in your heart—that should be in your life? Win him with your new loveliness—a skin more enchantingly clear and fresh . . . day-by-day. *Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.*

For as Mrs. Perrin and hundreds of lovely brides so freely admit—the Camay Mild-Soap Diet has helped them to new loveliness—just as it can help *you.*

And to this proof of brides . . . add the advice of leading skin specialists! Yes—skin specialists definitely advise a Mild-Soap Diet! They know that the kind of mild cleansing Camay gives you actually helps your skin look lovelier.

Do start tonight!

Get Camay and go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Give up those improper cleansing methods. Once you change to Camay . . . you'll see dry flakiness, oiliness, roughness lessen.

Feel the softer, *smoother* touch of your skin. Be faithful to Camay . . . day-by-day, you'll see your skin is lovelier . . . till new beauty is yours!



YOU . . . and the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

You do this:		*Camay does this:*
—IF YOUR SKIN'S DRY! Night and morning, cream Camay's mild lather over your face. Use lukewarm water—lukewarm rinses.		**—LEAVES SKIN SM-O-O-TH!** Camay's mild lather helps smooth away that dry flaky roughness. Leaves skin fresher, softer-textured.
—IF YOUR SKIN'S OILY Twice daily, use Camay lather—with a rough cloth. Concentrate on nose, chin. Rinse warm. Splash cold—30 seconds!		**—HELPS SKIN LOOK CLEAR!** For Camay's *thorough* cleansing reduces oiliness. Leaves your skin looking more radiantly fresh and clear.
—IF YOUR SKIN'S NORMAL Lucky lady—risk no soap less mild than Camay. This twice-a-day beauty cleansing just suits you.		**—EVEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION!** Day-by-day, the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, based on skin specialists' advice, wakens your skin to more sparkling beauty.

"How happy I am that I followed the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Camay's mild lather—twice daily—works wonders for me. My skin has never been so lovely. *I've* never been so happy," says Mrs. A. T. Perrin, Woodside, N. Y.

